

ÉDITION DE LUXE.

No. 1,007

MARCH 16, 1889

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE



# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,007.—VOL. XXXIX.  
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EDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1889

ENLARGED TO  
TWO SHEETS

PRICE NINEPENCE  
[By Post Ninepence Halfpenny]



WAITING FOR THE TEACHER



FINISHED PUPILS AND THEIR MISTRESS

THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN IN PANTOMIMES  
NOTES AT A REHEARSAL



## Topics of the Week

**THE NAVAL SCHEME.**—The Government are probably somewhat disappointed with the reception accorded to their plan for the strengthening of the Navy. It has not been very vehemently attacked, but neither has it received any enthusiastic support. This is not at all due to indifference on the part of the public to questions relating to the Navy. The nation fully recognises that its safety depends mainly upon its naval strength, and it is most anxious that all necessary steps should be taken for the proper defence of the Empire. On the other hand, people cannot help asking themselves, How does it happen that a great effort of the kind proposed by Lord George Hamilton should now be needed? For many years Parliament has been voting enormous sums for the Navy, and to the non-official mind it seems obvious that if these sums had been rightly expended they would have sufficed—and more than sufficed—for all the real wants of the Service. There is an almost universal feeling in the country that the system over which the Lords of the Admiralty preside is antiquated, that it leads to extravagance and waste, and that if it were thoroughly reformed we might easily get all the ships and guns we need without incurring the slightest additional expenditure. This is the explanation of the fact that the scheme of the Government has excited no enthusiasm, and it is much to be regretted that Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, when they decided to set about the improvement of our means of national defence, did not resolve to begin their task by going at once to the root of the evil. This is not a question of party politics; it is the interest of Tories and Liberals alike to see that the work of the nation is done not only efficiently but with reasonable economy. The millions asked for by the Government will no doubt be granted, but they will be granted unwillingly; whereas a scheme of administrative reform would have met with general sympathy both in Parliament and among the constituencies.

**OUR SECOND LINE.**—No one will dispute the soundness of the fundamental principle of military organisation on which Mr. Stanhope is working. It is, in a word, to render each divisional unit of the home army complete in itself. When this is accomplished, the Commander-in-Chief will only have to give the word to mobilise, and, within ten days, the whole kingdom will be dotted with compact masses of armed men, fully equipped for the hard work of a campaign. No longer would provincial commanders have to send requisitions for arms, stores, or transport to London. They would have a full supply of each and all on the spot, so that when the auxiliary forces came trooping in, not a moment would be lost in furnishing them completely for field service. It is a grand conception; the wonder is that the military authorities did not awake years ago to the necessity of decentralising supply. Perhaps they did, but were afraid of attempting to realise the dream, lest discovery should be made of other deficiencies. It is here that Mr. Stanhope's brilliant scheme gives rise to doubt. He frankly admits that, at the present moment, it is mainly in the air; will it ever come down to earth? That remains to be seen; an enormous amount of work will have to be done, and a great deal of money will have to be spent, before the provincial centres are capable of discharging the functions of "universal providers." Then, too, the recruiting report just published shows that soldiering is going out of fashion alike among the classes from which the Regulars, Militia, and Volunteers obtain their raw material. The improved state of the labour market scarcely accounts for a simultaneous falling-off in all three branches. Whatever be the cause, it does not bode good for the strengthening of England's second line of defence. Perhaps by the time the new organisation scheme has got into thorough working order, there will be no soldiers left to organise.

**UNIONIST PROSPECTS.**—Lord Derby is not usually inclined to be over-sanguine, and when at the meeting at the Charing Cross Hotel on Tuesday he said, "Our position is strong, and our ranks are unbroken," he simply stated a literal fact. Of the formidable body of Liberals who seceded from their allegiance to Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule Question, few, if any, have been found to follow the example of Sir George Trevelyan. Indeed, ever since their withdrawal they have been attacked with such persistent calumny and abuse, that they have been hardened in their heresy, and may now be practically regarded as enrolled in the Conservative ranks. Meanwhile, it is curious to note that Home Rule, about which all the pother began, has, as a burning question, practically retired into the back-ground. The two chief battle-horses of the Gladstonian party at the present time are the treatment of so-called political prisoners, and the alleged collapse of the *Times* case against the Parnellites. As regards the imprisonment of Irish M.P.'s and others, we have always frankly admitted that the punishments awarded might have been inflicted in a more judicious manner; but at the same time no responsible statesman can honestly assert that these incitements to

crime should have been passed over without notice. If Sir William Harcourt were now in office, he would find it impossible to sanction a doctrine which would simply set at defiance the ordinary laws of all civilised communities. The break-down of a portion of the evidence adduced before the Parnell Commission is undoubtedly a more serious matter; and the successive exposure of two such men as Pigott and Coffey shows how rashly and imprudently the witnesses for the *Times* were selected; but, after all, the *Times* is not the Government, and many persons will, doubtless, reflect that but for the action of the Government (unwise though we hold it to be) in appointing the Commission, Mr. Parnell would not have occupied his present position of triumph. Unless, therefore, the Government should make blunders in other quarters, there is no reason to suppose that it has lost its hold on the country, or that the mass of the electors desire to replace it by a Gladstone Cabinet, with all the momentous consequences which such a change would imply.

**VIGOROUS RULE IN FRANCE.**—For the moment the difficulties of the Comptoir d'Escompte attract more attention in France than any question of purely political interest. Nevertheless, the Ministry are doing their work in a way that deserves to be carefully studied, for it is pretty evident that they do not propose to play the part simply of a stop-gap Government. Their action with regard to the League of Patriots is by far the most striking manifestation of vigour that has been given by any recent French Cabinet. There can be no sort of doubt as to the sense in which the word "patriotism" has been interpreted by the League; and, by the steps taken to bring the leaders to justice, the Government have shown that they are determined to defend energetically the institutions entrusted to their care. This is certainly the true way in which to deal with those enemies of the Republic who seek to attain their ends by illegal methods. Even Boulangists are likely to feel some respect for Ministers who compel them to keep within the limits of the law, and a multitude of persons who might have been tempted to support the new Saviour of Society will examine his claims more closely when they find that association with him may be dangerous. The Government have also acted wisely in the course they have adopted with regard to the Duc d'Aumale. He is personally popular, and his return to France has produced an excellent impression. If the Republicans would take courage, and allow all the exiled Princes to return, no harm, and probably much good, would be done. Frenchmen of all classes would then understand that the Republic was strong enough to be indifferent to the menaces of its opponents. Moreover, the Pretenders would be deprived of one of the chief sources of their influence, if they could no longer pose as victims of democratic tyranny.

**OUR HARVEST OF THE SEA.**—The National Sea Fisheries Protection Society still has a doleful tale to tell of the great industry it seeks to foster. It is not that the sea does not do her part in furnishing the usual harvest. In spite of steam trawlers and modern appliances for gathering her riches, she is as liberal as ever with her splendid gifts. All she asks in return is that man will not mar her good intentions by any of his stupid perversities. That, unfortunately, is precisely what he does. What with railway rates which practically shut out the coarser kinds of fish from the best markets, and the wholesale destruction of immature fish, and the lack of intelligence in not cultivating oysters on a systematic plan, England is still very far from making the best use of her maritime food supply. No doubt there are difficulties to be overcome, not the least being the monopoly of the wholesale trade by a capitalist combination. But the catching of immature fish, at all events, brings good to no one, the wretched prey being unsaleable except at a price which does not pay the cost of conveyance. In the case of oysters, too, there are very few who benefit by the scarcity of the indigenous article. The owners of the famous beds in Essex make a good thing, no doubt, but the public at large are compelled to put up with foreign importations of inferior quality. Were that all, however, it would not much matter; it is not every one who can distinguish between a genuine native and an Anglo-Dutch. Where the harm comes in is that this great trading country has to annually send large sums abroad for an article of food which she could produce for herself in any conceivable quantity. If, therefore, it is only a want of protection for the beds which is needed to set the industry on its legs again, even the most fanatical Free Trader will go so far in heresy as to move the Government to grant the necessary powers to oyster cultivators.

**LONDON COUNTY COUNCILLORS AT WORK.**—Our local legislators have now got regularly into harness. They are labouring enthusiastically, and, it is also to be hoped, wisely. There are no less than twenty committees in full blast, and the business done in those committees is really of more importance than that of the weekly meetings in the Guildhall, where—as in more august assemblies—the mere talker is apt to become the master of the situation. That there is a pronounced Radical flavour about the Council we hold to be no objection, provided that the Radicalism is sensible and honest, for there are many abuses which want rectifying. At the same

time it would be a thousand pities if the Council should endeavour to transform itself from an administrative into a would-be legislative body—a sort of Metropolitan Parliament in fact—and a serious step in this direction would have been taken if the weekly meetings had been made an evening entertainment. In exciting times like these the Council might gradually have become a modern Cockney version of the famous Jacobin Club. Fortunately, the Council has sensibly decided to meet at 3 P.M., an hour which gives members leisure for their own personal business during the earlier hours of the day, while it is not so late as to invite the attendance in the galleries of the rowdy element who are so conspicuous at evening election meetings.

**SERVIA AND HER REGENTS.**—A general feeling of uneasiness was excited by the tidings that King Milan had abdicated. It was feared that his retirement might be the signal for the unchaining of the forces which have so long endangered peace in South-Eastern Europe. Reflection, however, has shown that the change is not likely to be followed in the near future by consequences of the highest order of importance. It is true that the Radicals of Servia, who are now the predominant party, have always had a more friendly feeling towards Russia than towards Austria. But this does not mean that they wish their country to be practically absorbed by the Russian Empire. If the Czar threatened, or seemed to threaten, Servian independence, they would at once turn round, and trust to Austria to aid them to thwart his designs. This is clearly understood at St. Petersburg, and we may therefore expect that the Russian Government will take care to act with the utmost discretion. As for Austria, she will certainly do nothing to increase the difficulties of the situation so long as her mighty rival continues to display self-control. Servia herself might, of course, cause serious trouble if she showed the slightest disposition to undertake ambitious enterprises for the extension of her territory; but the Regents, whatever may be their private wishes with regard to Bosnia, Herzegovina, Old Servia, and parts of Macedonia, will hardly be so foolish, in the existing circumstances of their country, as to dream of obtaining possession of any of these regions. If they confine themselves resolutely to the work they have to do at home, Servia may have no reason to regret the abdication of the King who so unexpectedly deserted her. Although a man of some ability, he was never able to secure either the confidence or the respect of his subjects.

**PARIS GAMBLING.**—The downfall of the Comptoir d'Escompte, one of the most trusted financial institutions in France, should have a moral for some folks on this side of the Channel. It is easy to point the finger of scorn, declaring that nothing short of madness could have brought about such a terrible disaster. But if the copper gamble had proved successful, as at one time seemed not unlikely, the very people who now denounce the management as either criminally reckless or downright insane would have applauded it to the echo. Stock Exchange wisdom holds strongly by the maxim that nothing succeeds like success. If a group of powerful financiers determine to employ their surplus cash in developing the resources of Barataria or the gold mines of Tristan d'Acunha, their lead is followed by the madding crowd, who shriek with wonder and delight as the premium mounts up by hundreds per cent. But prick the bubble, and the blowers are pronounced to be either fools or knaves. The Paris gamble in copper shares, Panama obligations, and international bonds could on'y have one ending. It was a gigantic edifice of speculation, supported on credit, and, when that pillar was shaken by the failure of M. de Lesseps to raise additional capital for the Moscow of his reputation, the superstructure was bound to come down. General Boulanger will probably comfort himself with the adage that it is an ill wind which blows no one good. He is certain to benefit by the "krach;" for the ruined will believe, or affect to believe, that had he been at the head of affairs the Comptoir d'Escompte would have somehow escaped destruction.

**AMERICAN FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.**—Somebody has been writing to an influential American to know why England is so much more friendly towards the United States than the United States are towards England. The influential American replies that the quiet, respectable majority of his country were never more friendly to England than now, but that recent electioneering exigencies have compelled them to appear otherwise, as, for example, in the rejection of the Fisheries Treaty, and the abrupt dismissal of Lord Sackville. The explanation of this influential gentleman cannot be called re-assuring, for, put briefly, it simply amounts to this. There are two great parties in the United States—the Republicans and Democrats. They are both remarkably fond of good old John Bull, but as they are perpetually struggling for favour and place, and as their numbers are very equally balanced, they are compelled to call in the aid of a third party, or group of parties composed principally of Continental Anarchists and Irish malcontents, all of whom, however much they may disagree in other respects, cordially unite in detesting John Bull and all his works and ways. This explanation, which is not very creditable to American representative institutions, is doubtless



correct as far as it goes; but it does not state the whole truth. The whole truth is that Americans, though they may be individually friendly, as a nation resent the presence of the British flag on their continent. It is not merely the Irish, or other foreign immigrants, who are at present planning the capture of the Canadian Dominion. This is to be done not by force of arms, but by proving to the Canadians that they would be far better off if united to their great southern neighbour than attached to a remote group of islands, whose interference in any vexed question between the two communities always arouses American hostility, and prevents an amicable settlement.

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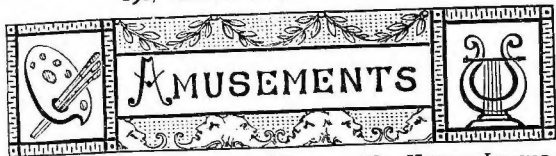
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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT of EIGHT PAGES, entitled, "STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE," drawn and described by HARRY FURNISS. This is the second of a Series of Supplements relating to the Houses of Parliament.



### CHILDREN IN PANTOMIMES

M. RENOARD's first sketch this week represents what may be called the "raw material" of the ballet. Five little girls are awaiting the arrival of their teacher, who will carefully judge their appearance and capability, and put them to the style of work which she may consider best befits them. In the second sketch we have the "finished article"—elder subjects going through complicated evolutions with a comparative ease that enables Madame Katti Lanner to snatch a hasty lunch while keeping an ever-watchful eye upon their performance.

### THE NEW BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH

THE Rev. Alfred George Edwards, who has recently been nominated to this office, is the youngest son of the late Rev. William Edwards, Vicar of Llangollen. He was educated at Llandoverly School, and at Jesus College, Oxford. He was ordained deacon in 1874 and priest in 1875, in which year he was appointed Warden and Head Master of Llandoverly School. Ten years afterwards he became Vicar and Rural Dean of Carmarthen, and was made private secretary and chaplain to the Bishop of St. David's. He has been twice married, his present wife being the youngest daughter of Mr. Watts John Garland, of Lisbon. He will be the youngest Bishop on the Bench, being only forty years of age. He has a perfect knowledge of the Welsh language, has written a series of interesting letters in the *Times* on the Church in Wales, and was one of the selected speakers on that subject at the Manchester Church Congress.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Heslop Woods, Kelsall Street Studio, Leeds.

### THE REV. J. G. WOOD

THE Rev. John George Wood, who did more to popularise the study of natural history than any writer of the present age, was the son of a surgeon, who was at one time Chemical Lecturer at the Middlesex Hospital. He was born in London in 1827, and was educated at Ashbourne Grammar School, and at Merton College, Oxford. After being attached for two years to the Anatomical Museum at Christ Church, Oxford, he was ordained in 1852 as chaplain to the Boatmen's Floating Chapel. This post he held for four years, and in 1856 he was appointed assistant-chaplain to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. This post he resigned in 1862, and from 1868 to 1876 he held the post of Precentor of the Canterbury Diocesan Church Union. Want of space forbids us to mention more than a few of Mr. Wood's numerous works on Natural History. Among them are, "Common Objects of the Seashore," "Homes without Hands," "The Natural History of Man," "Our Garden Friends and Foes," and his larger "Natural History," in three volumes, enriched by excellent illustrations from animal painters of the highest rank. He also for some time edited the *Boy's Own Magazine*. In 1879 he projected a series of "Sketch Lectures" on Zoology, illustrating them himself by drawings in coloured pastels on a large canvas. These lectures have been delivered in all the principal Institutes of England and Scotland. His last lecture—on Ants—was given in London only a few days before his death, which took place on March 3rd, at Coventry, from an attack of peritonitis. Sad to say, despite his energy and industry, Mr. Wood was unable to make any provision for his family, and he has left a widow in very ill health with six children absolutely destitute. Donations on their behalf will be received by the Rev. Alfred Whitehead, Vicar of St. Peter's, Kent, and Rural Dean of Westbere.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace.

### ARTISTS' FESTIVAL AT DÜSSELDORF

ON March 2nd, the Society of Painters of the City of Düsseldorf gave in the Town Hall a grand masque, prepared and performed with great elaboration, entitled *Albert Dürer in Venice*. When the curtain rose, that familiar because oft-painted spot of Venice was disclosed to view, the Piazza of St. Mark, with the Ducal Palace, the church, campanile, and the two granite pillars, one surmounted by the Lion of St. Mark, the other by a statue of St. Theodore standing on a crocodile. The Piazza is filled by an animated crowd of nobles, burghers, and artisans, when the band strikes up a lively march, and a troop of Venetian painters, Titian, Giorgione, Bellini, &c., file across the bridge to the steps which lead to the Doge's Palace. Then, while the excitement of the crowd constantly increases, there successively appear the gondolas of the Duke of Urbino, of the banished Queen of Cyprus, Catharina Cornaro, and of the Doge of Venice. Then Albert Dürer, accompanied by a number of German artists, lands from his gondola under the bridge, and is warmly welcomed by the Italian painters and people. Titian conducts Dürer into the presence of the Doge, who embraces him, and bids him sit by his side. Presently the Doge bestows on him the Chain of Venice, and afterwards Catharina Cornaro gives him the laurel wreath. The spectacle was most successful, and was witnessed by upwards of 2,000 persons, including the *élite* of the neighbourhood. The idea of the masque and the designs of the costumes, &c., are due to Mr. Carl Gehrt.

### CYCLIST REGULARS

OUR readers will, no doubt, remember that a Cyclist Corps was organised at the last Easter Volunteer Review, and under the indefatigable management of Colonel Savile such success was attained that (especially as the ever-watchful Germans had made a move in the same direction) the Government resolved to embody a cyclist corps drawn from the ranks of the regular army, and of some of the engravings give an idea of the uniform adopted, and of some of the scenes resulting from the new organisation. If the Iron Duke could rise from his grave, and witness the procession of multi and other kinds of cycles, he might suppose at first that a farcical element had been introduced in our military exercises, but he would perhaps change his mind when he saw a closely-serried zereba of tricycles. The innovation, of course, is at present in an experimental stage; those who know are inclined to think that in European countries, where roads are numerous and passably good, the wheelman may be destined to play no insignificant part in the battles of the future.

### THE RECENT FLOODS

THE unusually severe frost by which the opening of March was characterised presently disappeared under the influence of a strong westerly gale. In the south-eastern counties no remarkable amount of rain accompanied this change of wind, but it was otherwise both in the midlands and the south-west, where a heavy fall of snow was

followed in some places by a steady rain of more than forty hours' duration, causing disastrous floods. At Bath, the lower part of the town was submerged, and Bristol experienced the greatest flood of the century. During the night of March 8th the waters continued to rise, until they reached the very centre of the city, rendering the streets, which were practically converted into rushing rivers, quite impassable. No lives were lost, but an enormous quantity of property in cellars and basements has been destroyed. In Devonshire the floods were still more serious; at Taunton the water was seven feet deep in the streets, hundreds of cottagers in the neighbourhood were driven away from their homes, live stock was drowned, railway bridges were washed away, and rails displaced. In Leicestershire and North Warwickshire there have been no such floods since 1877. At Leicester, on March 9th, several miles of streets were several feet under water, furniture had to be hastily removed, and boats and carts were used to convey people from their houses to their work. The neighbouring fields were covered to the tops of the hedges, and railway-traffic had to be conducted with the utmost caution.—Our engraving of the flood at Bristol is from a sketch by Mr. John Watson, Prince's Theatre, Bristol.

### HOW WE WENT TO CHURCH IN PATERDALE, CUMBERLAND, WHEN THE FLOODS WERE OUT

THESE heavy falls of rain are by no means uncommon in the Lake District, which is one of the wettest regions in England, but it may be presumed that the downpour which occasioned these sketches was something phenomenal. In the first sketch, we see the Vicar telling his daughter that he shall not go to church to-day, but shall leave the Curate, Mr. Sweetlow, to conduct the service. Then we see Mr. Sweetlow regarding the meteorological outlook with rueful visage through the casement. The organist, however, although a member of the weaker sex, goes valorously forth to perform her duties, and even helps the Curate to mount a plank which has been laid across a deep ditch now full to the brim. The choir, too, has to seek the driest road to church by climbing stone walls; while the unlucky Mr. Sweetlow drops his sermon in the water. Then, when they reach the church door, they find it locked, for the pew-opener has not arrived, and they have no other key. At last, however, the old lady hobbles in sight, with her umbrella blown inside out; and, when the service begins, Mr. Sweetlow is rewarded for his toils by a congregation, exclusive of choir and organist, amounting to four persons.

### SCENES IN THE BUSH, NEW SOUTH WALES

"MAIL COACH BOGGED ON THE PLAINS."—In the interior of the colony there are no made roads—only tracks through the bush; and consequently, during the wet season, some places are so soft that the coach becomes deeply imbedded, and cannot be extricated until completely unloaded. The incident here depicted occurred between Narrabri and Walgett.

"A Cattle Drover's Camp."—Long distances have to be traversed by the cattle coming from the inland stations to the markets in the coast-towns. They are generally despatched in "mobs" of two or three hundred at a time; and, as the yards are few and far between, the drovers have to camp them at night. The men take turns to watch them, keeping a horse ready in case they should take fright and rush off.

"Swimming Cattle over a River."—The drover may chance to lose some of his beasts unless he chooses a good place for crossing. As it is sometimes very hard to get them to take the water, a steep place is generally selected.

"Interior of a Woolshed."—On some stations from 90,000 to 150,000 sheep are shorn annually. The sketch shows a section of the shearing-floor and rolling-tables. Some sheds have forty or fifty shearers, besides wool-rollers, classers, boys for picking up the wool from the floor, pressers, yard-men, musterers, overseers, and rouseabouts. At the back of the wool table are the sheep waiting to be shorn. Behind each shearer is a small door, which leads to a separate pen. Into this every man sends his own sheep after shearing them, and here the overseer counts them, and gives each man his tally.

"Brumby (Wild Horse) Hunting."—To clear the runs of wild horses, which are in various ways a nuisance, trap-yards are erected in a clump of dense scrub, with long wings in the shape of a V. As the horses do not see the trap until they are nearly in it, they have no chance of breaking back. Five or six men go out on horseback, and when they find a "mob" of "brumbies," they turn them in the direction of the yard. Sometimes the wild horses are killed; at others they are partly broken in, and sent away for sale.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. W. S. Page.

### A FANCY BAZAAR AT BOMBAY

OUR illustration depicts a stall kept by Parsee ladies at a Fancy Bazaar recently held at Bombay in support of Lady Mayo's Fund for providing female medical aid for the native women of India. The bazaar was especially interesting on account of the prominent part taken in it by Parsee ladies, one of whom, Miss Avabai Bhownuggree, who took a leading part in the organisation of the bazaar, has since died. This lady, who is shown in our engraving, was a prominent member of English society during the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886, when she came over to this country in company with her brother, Mr. M. M. Bhownuggree, C.I.E., who was Commissioner on behalf of the Maharajah of the Bhownuggree at that Exhibition. Miss Bhownuggree made many friends in England by her high intelligence, amiable disposition, and pleasing manners, and her premature death, at the early age of nineteen, has caused great regret, both here and in Bombay. At the Oothuma, or religious ceremonies, held on the third day after her death, her brother dedicated 35,000 rupees to commemorate her memory in association with an institution for the education of Parsee young ladies.

### STONED BY MONKEYS,

ALEXANDER I. OF SERBIA,

AND

### A PHOTOGRAPHER'S NOTES IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

See page 269.

### "STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE, II."

See pages 277 et seqq.

### "THE TENTS OF SHEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brentnall R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 285.

### THE PARNELL COMMISSION

WHEN the Court assembled on March 7th, the Attorney-General said that as two important witnesses were ill, he did not think that he had sufficient evidence to occupy more than the day's sitting. Consequently, he would ask their lordships not to sit on Friday (the following day). To this proposal their lordships cheerfully agreed. The greater part of the sitting was then taken up by the examination of one Andrew Colman, who gave evidence that he was employed by a man named John Macaulay to shoot various





THE RIGHT REV. A. G. EDWARDS, D.D.  
New Bishop of St. Asaph



THE REV. J. G. WOOD  
Naturalist  
Born 1827. Died March 3, 1889



"ALBERT DÜRER IN VENICE"—MASQUE PERFORMED BY THE ARTISTS' CLUB AT THE TOWN HALL, DÜSSELDORF





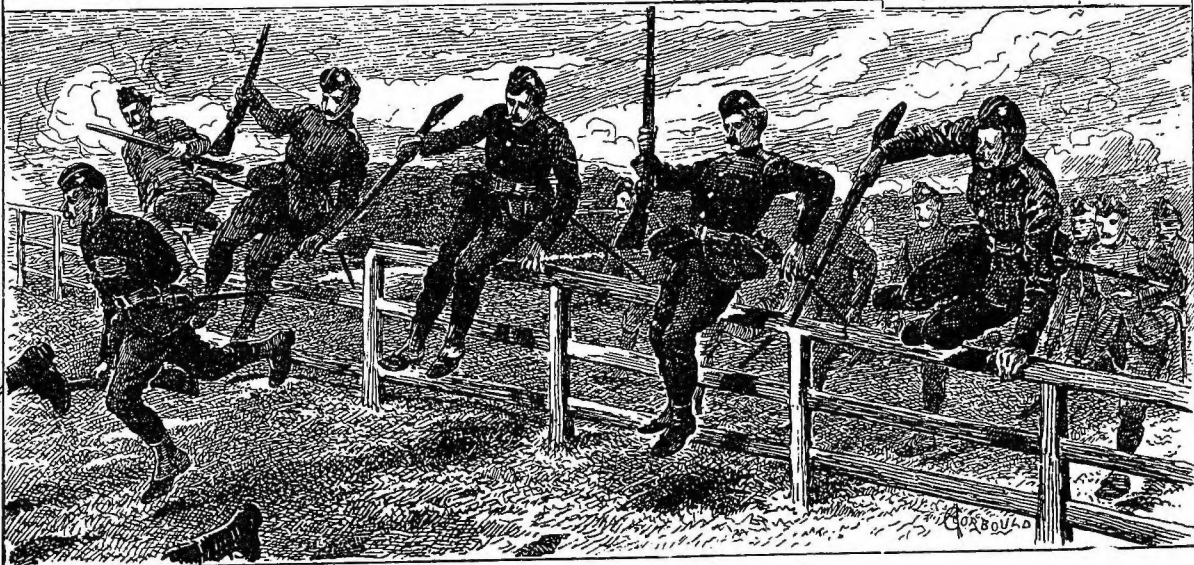
The Corner of a Square



A Cyclist Private



Carrying the Cycle over Bad Ground

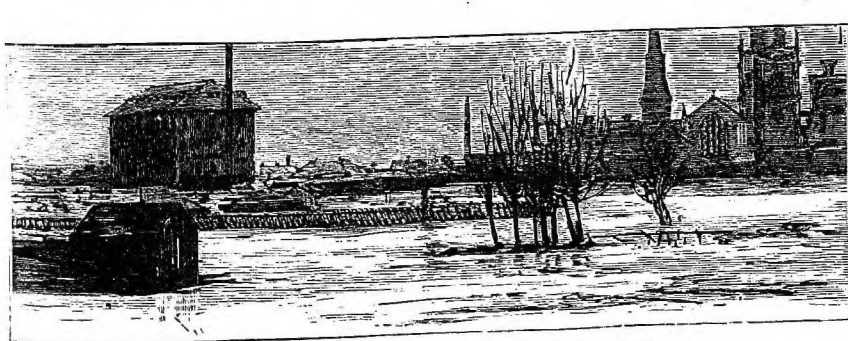


Skirmishers Advance: Cycles Left with the Reserves

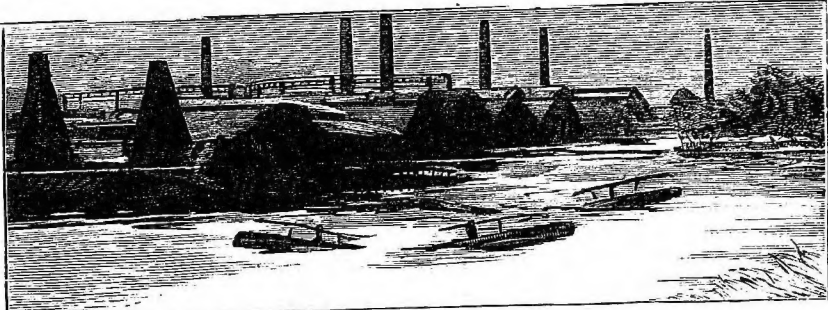
A CYCLIST CORPS OF REGULARS IN THE BRITISH ARMY



THE "BLACK SWAN," STAPLETON ROAD, BRISTOL



THE FLOOD PREVENTION WORKS AT LEICESTER



GAS WORKS AT LEICESTER, WITH SUBMERGED LOCK GATES



THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY STATION, LEICESTER

THE DISASTROUS FLOODS IN THE MIDLANDS AND THE WEST OF ENGLAND



persons who had offended against the laws laid down by the Land League. It did not appear that any of these premeditated assassinations were actually carried out. Colman was sharply cross-



Andrew Colman, formerly gamekeeper to Colonel Cuffe, Mayo, an informer who testified to the planning of outrages by one Macaulay

examined by Sir C. Russell and Mr. Davitt, the former of whom elicited that he (Colman) had received a thousand pounds for giving information to the Government; while the questions of the



Timothy J. Coffey, the Irish newspaper reporter, who deceived Mr. Soames, and was committed to prison for Contempt of Court

latter chiefly concerned Colman's moral character. Colman, it seems, was gamekeeper to Colonel Cuffe, and Macaulay was land steward in the same service. Further details of the proceedings are given in our "Legal" Column.



**POLITICAL.**—Lord Derby took the chair, and made one of his sensible and dispassionate speeches, at a meeting in London on Tuesday, to inaugurate the Kentish Liberal Unionist Association, of which he is President. He said that the position of the Unionists was strong, and their ranks unbroken. In all probability the Government had three years before it in which to work out its Irish policy, and this was advantageous, since when an appeal is made to the constituencies in justification of a policy, it is better to point out results actually obtained than results only in prospect. Certainly crime in Ireland was diminishing, and every year increased the number of independent landowners in Ireland, every one of whom, as their opponents well knew, will be an enemy to further agitation. On the subject of the forged letters, he asked what bearing this personal question had on a problem the solution of which would concern England and Ireland after Mr. Parnell, his friends, and his enemies had gone? If Mr. Parnell were as pure-minded as Washington or as disreputable as Wilkes, the question at issue would not be affected. Lord Bramwell followed Lord Derby with a pithy and hearty Unionist speech.—Mr. Froude, whose anti-separatist sentiments are well known, having been recently represented as declaring himself converted to a belief in the expediency of granting Home Rule, replies to an inquiring correspondent that his opinion on that subject remains what it has always been. He is convinced that "Home Rule will be the first and probably irrevocable step towards the separation of the islands; it will increase the wretchedness of Ireland; and will be followed at no distant period by the break-up of the British Empire."—The contest in the Barnsley Division of the West Riding has terminated in the defeat, now the third, of Mr. Vernon-Wentworth (C) by Lord Compton (G), who, polled 6,232 votes to Mr. Wentworth's (C) 3,781; majority, 2,451. The poll was the largest ever taken in the Division, and shows an increase of Unionist strength. Lord Compton has polled 473 votes fewer than were received in 1855 by his Gladstonian predecessor, Mr. Kenny, while Mr. Wentworth polled 1,059 more votes than he did that year. Compared with the polling at the last General Election, that of 1886, Mr. Wentworth has received an addition of 864 votes, Lord Compton only 807 votes more than Mr. Kenny.—Mr. H. F. Bowles, of Walthamstow, for years a zealous worker in the Conservative cause, and recently elected a member of the Enfield County Council, has been adopted as the Conservative and Unionist candidate for the seat in the Enfield Division of Middlesex vacant by the elevation of Lord Folkestone to the Peerage through the death of his father, the Earl of Radnor.

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, since 1882 Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has been appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOARD OF GUARDIANS for the Relief of the Jewish Poor, the President, Mr. Benjamin L. Cohen stated that in 1887 and 1888 the Board had sent back to their own countries, eighty more Jewish immigrants than had arrived here, so groundless was the outcry against the alleged mischief done by the immigration of poor foreign Jews.

THE PROVISIONAL LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL met on Tuesday. Reports of several Committees were approved of, among them one for the enforcement of the Sanitary Acts and for giving effect to the various Artisans and Labourers Dwelling Acts, presented by the Provisional Committee on the Housing of the Working Classes, who have elected Lord Compton as their Chairman.

THE WELCOME ANNOUNCEMENT has been officially made that the annual prize meeting of the National Rifle Association will this year, as previously, be held, by permission of the Duke of Cambridge, on Wimbledon Common, and will open on the 8th of July.

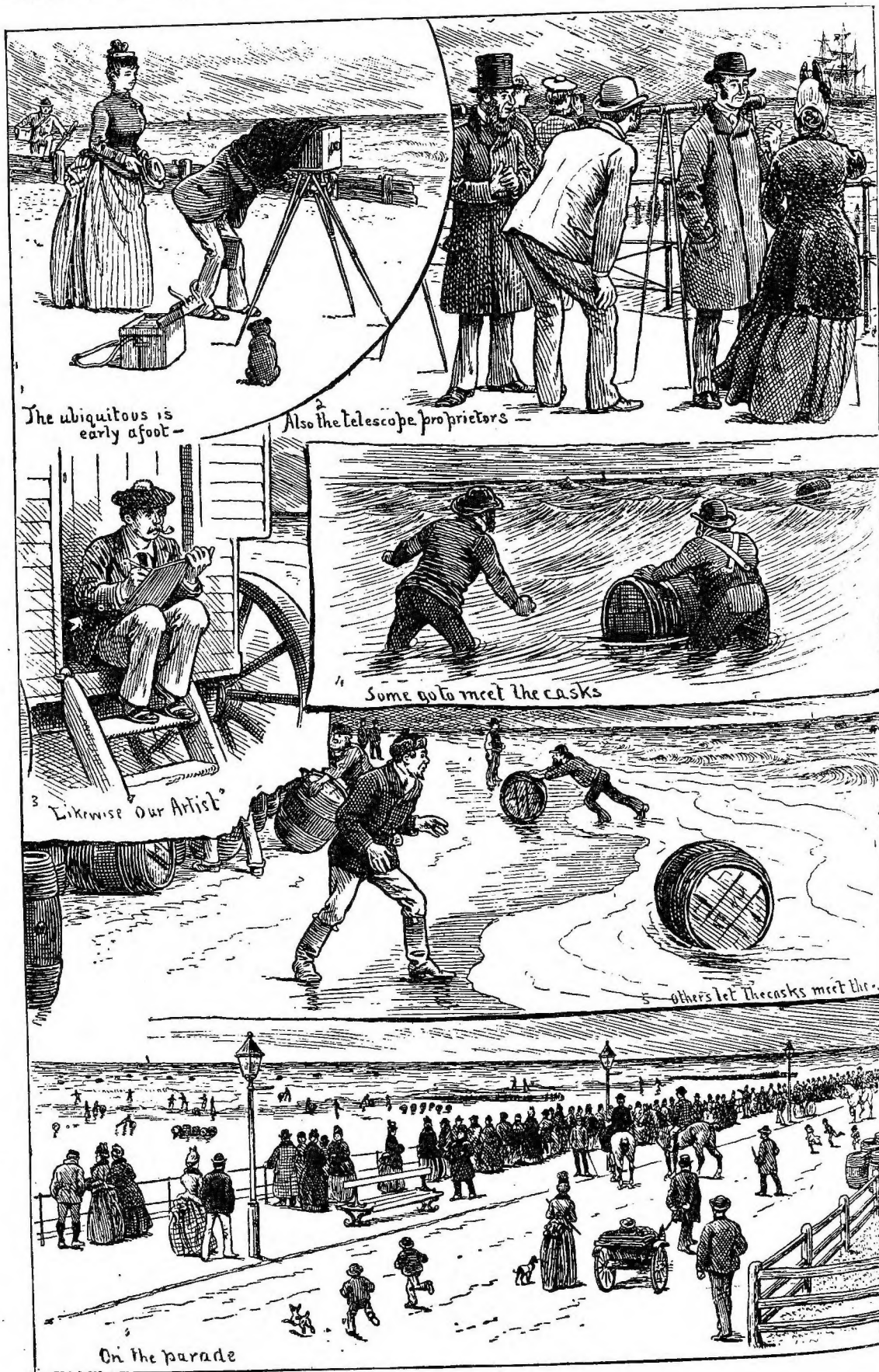
IRELAND.—An atrocious attempt to murder is reported from Clare, which might almost seem to have been made from a desire to neutralise the effect produced by Judge Gibson's favourable report of the decrease of crime in that county, at the opening of the assizes last week. Mr. Arthur Creagh, of Carrahan, J.P., having some time ago evicted a tenant for non-payment of rent, was not only boycotted, but twice shot at, narrowly escaping with his life. A third outrage of the same kind was perpetrated on Sunday last as he was driving with his sister to church at Quin, when five shots were fired at them in rapid succession from behind a high hedge. Several pellets penetrated Mr. Creagh's hat and struck his head, while his sister was wounded in the forehead and nose with shot, so careful was the aim of the cowardly assassins. The injuries received by both are reported as serious but not dangerous.—Of the twenty-five prisoners who garrisoned the houses at which the greatest resistance was offered during the evictions on the Olphert estates, two who were tenants have been sentenced at Enniskillen to eight months', and the other twenty-three to five months' imprisonment each, hard labour being attached to all the sentences.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her eighty-fifth year, of Louisa, Lady Feversham, mother of the Earl of Feversham, and daughter of the eighth Earl of Galloway; of Marion Frances, widow of the late Sir Richard W. Bulkeley, tenth baronet, and only daughter of the late Sir Thomas Massey Stanley, Bart., of Hooton; in her sixty-fifth year, at Cairo, of Miss Whately, second daughter of the late Archbishop Whately, foundress and head of the well-

known English Mission Schools in that city, authoress of "Ragged Life in Egypt," "Among the Huts," and "Scenes of Life in Cairo," in his seventy-fourth year of the Earl of Radnor, Lord Lieutenant of Wiltshire, who is succeeded in the Peerage by Viscount Folkestone, Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household, and Conservative M.P. for the Enfield Division of Middlesex; in his sixty-fourth year, of Major-General Nassau Lees, formerly of the Bengal Army, for many years the chief proprietor of the *Times of India*, who had filled several high educational offices in India, editing, and, at his own expense printing, numerous unpublished works of value in Arabic and Persian, and contributing with his pen to the discussion of almost every subject of public interest in India; in his seventy-fourth year, of General Alexander Maxwell, Colonel 1st Battalion of the Border Regiment who, at the siege and fall of Sebastopol commanded the 2nd Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry; of Vice-Admiral John C. Soady, who, entering the Navy in 1842, distinguished himself in the Baltic Expeditions of 1854-5, and in the operations of 1858 against Chinese pirates; in his eighty-fifth year, of Mr. Thomas Sidney, Lord Mayor of London, and M.P. for Stafford, his native town, from 1847 to 1852, and from 1860 to 1865; in his eighty-seventh year, of Mr. Harold Little-dale, who has been for nearly half a century a prominent and esteemed figure in public and commercial affairs on both sides of the Mersey; of Mr. James Baines, formerly one of the most prosperous shipowners of Liverpool, where he was well-known as the owner of the Black Ball line of sailing packets; and, in his sixty-first year, of Mr. R. J. Underdown, formerly General Manager of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway.

### THE WRECK OF THE "VANDALIA"

A SERIOUS collision occurred at midnight on March 7th, about ten miles off the Owen's Light, between the *Vandalia*, a ship of 1,400 tons, belonging to St. John's, N.B., and bound from New York to London, with a cargo of petroleum, and a steamer, whose name was at first unknown. One man belonging to the *Vandalia* was killed at the moment of the collision, the remainder of the crew abandoned their vessel, and landed at Bognor on the following day. The *Vandalia* subsequently drifted on shore, near the West Pier, at Brighton; where the cargo began to wash out of her, so that she will probably become a total wreck. It is believed that the other colliding vessel is the *Duke of Buccleuch*, of Barrow, bound from Antwerp for Calcutta, and considerable anxiety is felt for her safety, as several portions of wreckage evidently belonging to her have been picked up.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. H. J. Roberts, of 21, York Road, Brighton.

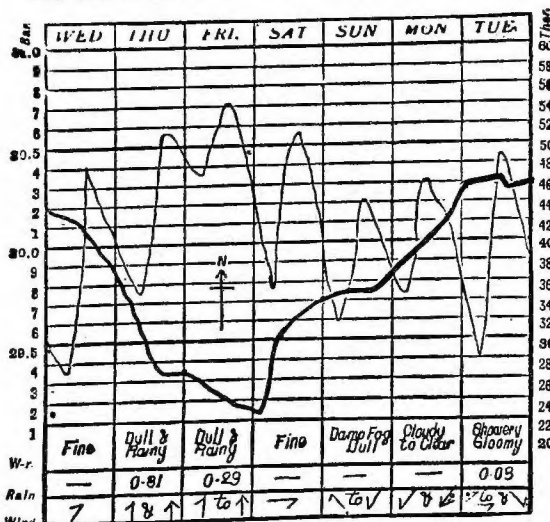






THE PARIS EXHIBITION opens on May 6th. Two splendid *fêtes* will take place for the inauguration, one at Versailles on the 5th, also celebrating the anniversary of the first meeting of the States-General of 1789, and the second on the opening day at Paris itself. Splendid illuminations are planned for the latter evening, forming a complete belt of fire—gas, coloured lamps, and the electric light—from the Bois de Boulogne on the west to the Bois de Vincennes on the east. There seems every prospect that the Exhibition will be ready in good time, and casual visitors are no longer admitted to the grounds, lest they should delay the works. The huge Palace of the War-Minister, on the Invalides Esplanade, intended for the Army display, is complete externally, with its orthodox fortress-gate and moat, guarded by towers. The chief entrance to the Exhibition is well advanced, ornamented by pillars and gilded spires. One of the most picturesque buildings in the Colonial Section close by is the Tunisian Palace, truly Oriental with minarets, a dome roofed in enamelled tiles, and a pretty court-yard containing palms and a fountain. There, real Arabs will carry on divers manufactures, and handsome Tunisian Jewesses will wait at the restaurant and the café concert, where authentic *Almées* are to dance. The Press Pavilion promises to be very handsome, fitted up with every convenience for home and foreign journalists, telephones, library, writing and reading-rooms. The jury of the French Centennial Retrospective Art Exhibition are very busy, and have decided to admit 3,518 works, the difficulty being the *embarras de richesses*. Ten masterpieces come from the Louvre, six from the Luxembourg, and twenty-seven from Versailles. In honour of the Exhibition, it is proposed to change the present sober garb of the *gardiens de la paix* to the elaborate uniform of the late Empire—blue coat with silver embroidery, trousers to match, white vest, tricolour sash with silver fringe, cocked hat, and sword.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1889.



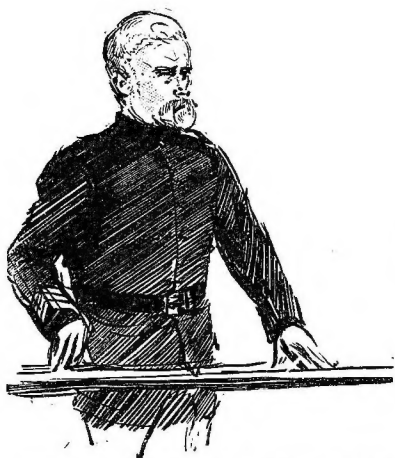
**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (12th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—In the course of the past week the weather was very changeable in most parts of the United Kingdom, but particularly so over England, where exceptionally heavy rains were experienced about the middle of the period. At the beginning of the time pressure was highest over Scandinavia, and lowest off our extreme North-Western Coasts, moderate Southerly breezes prevailing in most places, with dull weather in the North, and fair or fine weather in the South. By the following morning, Thursday (7th inst.), the anticyclone in the extreme North-East was giving way, and the disturbance over Scotland was moving away in a North-Easterly direction, but another depression had advanced from the Atlantic to our extreme South-Western Coasts. This disturbance spread slowly North-Eastwards across England, but on the night of the 7th inst. another small depression advanced to the mouth of the Channel, and afterwards travelled in an East-North-Easterly direction, its centre reaching the North Sea by the morning of Saturday (9th inst.). During the prevalence of these two disturbances in our neighbourhood the weather fell into a very unsettled condition in most parts of the country, strong Southerly to Westerly winds, or fresh gales being felt over the South of England and in the Channel, with snow or sleet in many places, and heavy falls of rain all along the tracks of the depressions, causing disastrous results from the ensuing floods in the West of England and over the Midlands. The largest aggregates of rain-fall for twenty-four hours were over two inches at Loughborough and at Ross (Hereford), and over an inch at York, but with an augmented list of stations these values will probably be exceeded. Towards the close of the week the weather over our Islands was mostly under the influence of a high pressure system which was lying over Ireland, and thus the prevailing winds blew from the Northward, while the weather, although frequently fine and bright, was, on the whole, very changeable generally, and eventually cold and dull. Temperature, although higher than of late, was still below the average. The barometer was highest (30·30 inches) on Tuesday (12th inst.); lowest (29·14 inches) on Friday (8th inst.); range 1·16 inch. The temperature was highest (54°) on Friday (8th inst.); lowest (27°) on Wednesday (6th inst.); range 27°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount 0·63 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0·31 inch on Thursday (7th inst.).

On Thursday consideration of the Navy Estimates was resumed. Wednesday, which is still a private members' preserve, was given up to debate on a Bill on which the Liberal Opposition were united, the object of which is to secure the treatment of first-class misdemeanants to all persons imprisoned under the Crimes Act upon charges such as that have been brought home to Mr. O'Brien, Mr. John Dillon, Mr. Harrington, Dr. Tanner, and other Irish members.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—Mr. Hamish McCunn is reported to be engaged upon an opera on the subject of the Massacre of Glencoe, of the libretto of which Mr. Wilson Barrett is part author.—M. Catelin, once a famous tenor of the Paris Théâtre Lyrique, died of starvation in the French capital last week. He was a confirmed miser, as banknotes to the value of some thousands of pounds sterling were discovered in an old bureau at his lodgings.—It is doubtful whether the Wolverhampton Festival will be held this year.—Mr. Santley has in contemplation a visit to Australia this summer. But the matter is as yet by no means decided.—Mr. F. H. Cowen is expected home next week, and invitations to a "Welcome Home" on the 26th have been issued.





Sergeant James Caulfield, R.I.C.: "There were tin rifles in the bag, and tin bayonets."—  
The Attorney-General: "Ten, I suppose you mean?"



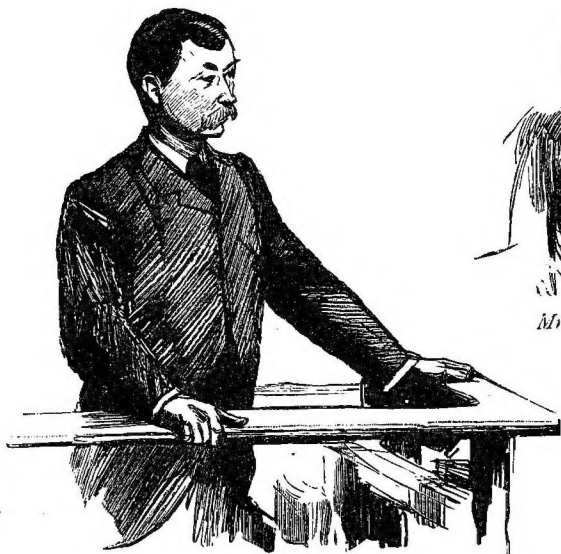
The President: "Spare us the oratory"



Michael Loftus, of Curry, Sligo. P. J. Sheridan came to his house, disguised as a priest, and was recognised by the dog which he had formerly given to Loftus



Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., who was arrested as a suspect



Andrew Coleman: "I had the revolvers hidden in a place near the boat, and I took some old clothes for disguise. We went up the river and lay on a bank under some bushes and waited for Macaulay. We met Halloran at the place appointed. We expected Leonard to pass as he went to mass"—  
"You were to shoot him as he went to mass?"



Mr. Jordan, M.P.



Mr. Sexton, M.P., Lord Mayor of Dublin, listens to Mr. Asquith reading one of his (Mr. Sexton's) speeches delivered in the House of Commons



Inspector F. G. Webb, who arrested Mr. W. Redmond, M.P.



They read speeches: Mr. Biggar sleeps



Mr. John Dillon's parting words to Mr. Michael Davitt (Mr. Dillon left for Australia next morning)



Mr. G. A. Sala in Court



"Letter Day"—The Reception of Mr. Parnell in the Great Hall at the foot of the steps leading to the Commission Court

## THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



# STONED BY MONKEYS

THIS incident happened to the sender of the sketch, who writes:—"I had started in the early morning on a march between Baramoola and Murree. The road led along the side of the mountains, and in many places was a mere path hewn out of the solid rock. In one part there was a projecting rail at the edge of the track—on the right was a sheer drop of several hundred feet, on the left rose an almost perpendicular cliff. As I advanced along the path I saw two large monkeys seated on the rail. One of them when he saw me jumped up on to the rock. Just for fun I picked up a small stone and threw it at the other, when he, too, bounded up the cliff and disappeared. I thought no more of the incident, but before I had gone forty yards a couple of stones whistled close by my head. I looked up, and there on a ledge of rock were about a dozen monkeys, all busy throwing stones at me. They seemed to 'shy' them just as a man would do, and very fairly straight, so much so that I thought it wise not to stay to make a very critical examination."

## ALEXANDER I. OF SERVIA

ON Wednesday week King Milan of Serbia, weary of the cares of State, and broken down in health, abdicated the throne in favour of his son, the Crown Prince Alexander. His resolve was not definitely known until the very day when he read the Act of Abdication to the Ministers, State officials, officers, and members of the Diplomatic Body, who had come to the Palace to congratulate him on the seventh anniversary of his proclamation as King of Serbia. Having finished reading, the King knelt down before his son, and in the presence of the Arch-Priest solemnly took the oath of allegiance to the new Sovereign, this example being followed by the members of the Regency, whom he had previously nominated to take charge of the Government during the young King's minority. King Alexander I. was born on August 14th, 1876, and the Regency, which is composed of M. Jovan Ristitch, General Protitch, and General Belimarkovitch, is appointed for the five

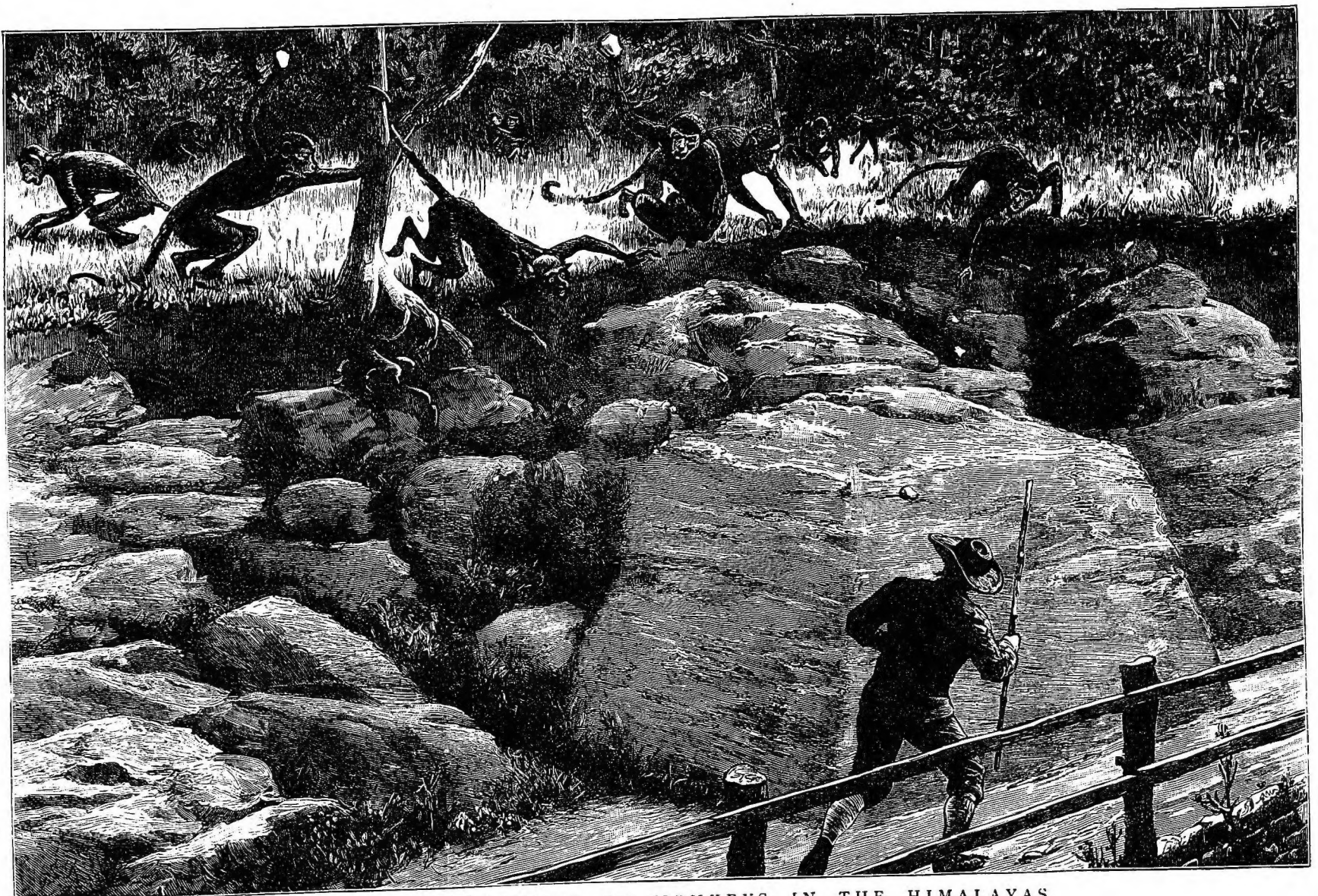


ALEXANDER I.  
The New King of Serbia

and a-half years which must elapse before the King completes his eighteenth year and attains his majority. The young King is described as a tall, slim-looking boy, with deep black eyes, and the keen, penetrating look peculiar to his father, whose nervousness, restlessness, and haughty bearing he also inherits. The *Standard* correspondent states that he is described by those around him as a clever, quick-witted, lively, and unusually intelligent lad, but insincere, calculating, prompt in detecting and profiting by an advantage. When with his mother he professed to dislike his father, but in his father's company would feign reluctance to correspond with the Queen. His health is not good, and his habits are said to be somewhat lazy and irregular. In other quarters, however, the young King is stated to be exceedingly attached to his mother, and to entertain much resentment towards the German Emperor for permitting him to be forcibly taken from her keeping at Wiesbaden. His future education is to be nominally superintended by ex-King Milan, who, though about to take a holiday abroad, purposes to reside permanently at Belgrade. It is thought probable, however, that sooner or later Queen Nathalie will return to Serbia, and, with Russian assistance, take charge of her son, of the Regency, and, indeed, of the kingdom in general.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Adele, 1, Wall-fischgasse 11., Vienna.

## A PHOTOGRAPHER'S NOTES IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

OUR illustrations are from photographs taken by Mr. William Dougall, of Invercargill, New Zealand, during a recent trip in the New Zealand Government steamer *Stella*, to the Stewart, Snares, Auckland, Campbell, Antipodes, and Bounty Islands. These islands are annexed to New Zealand, and are periodically visited for the purpose of rescuing castaways, establishing or replenishing depôts with food, clothing, and medicines for the relief of such unfortunate mariners as may chance to be shipwrecked on those inhospitable shores. The photographs were taken under great difficulties, the wind sometimes blowing so that



A TRAVELLER STONED BY MONKEYS IN THE HIMALAYAS  
A SKETCH ON THE ROAD BETWEEN BARAMOOA AND MURREE



Mr. Dougall could hardly hold his camera, while the rocks were so steep that it was very difficult for him to find a footing. The illustration of penguins and mollyhaws was taken on one of the Bounty Islands—a group some 415 miles south-east of Port Chalmers, and numbering fourteen islands averaging thirteen acres each, and with certainly at least a dozen penguins to each square yard, while the water all around is alive with them. The islands are absolutely destitute of vegetation, and are covered with guano from the penguins, mollyhaws, and ice birds, which make the islands their breeding place. The mollyhawk is somewhat smaller than an albatross, and the nest is very similar in shape, but made of guano. When once settled these birds experience great difficulty in rising again. The sea-lions depicted were on Ross Island, one of the Aucklands. When photographed these animals were disporting themselves on the tussocky grass. While the crew were erecting a boat-house, the sea-lions came ashore as if to superintend the operations. They are very unwieldy creatures, and are only dangerous if in passing through the deep tussock an intruder disturbs one in his lair, when a very severe bite will probably be the result. At one time Mr. Dougall saw a group of twenty-nine together. The sea-lion is very little use, commercially speaking. The male, or "old wig," as the seamen call him, weighs about seven or eight hundred-weight, and the female about six. They live in groups, an old male guarding several of the gentler sex, and should one of the latter desert, he inflicts severe chastisement upon her. When attacked, they make a barking noise, but they do not fight unless provoked.



ANOTHER severe financial crisis has prevailed in FRANCE through the gigantic speculations in copper which have been carried on for some time past by the Société des Metaux, backed up by the Comptoir d'Escompte, a highly important semi-official financial institution employed by the Government in financial operations in the French Colonies, and hitherto commanding the utmost confidence amongst French depositors. The chief feature in the speculation has been to secure a "corner" in copper, and this having been partly achieved, and the price of the metal having been raised from 40*l.* per ton to 80*l.*, the operators determined to secure every available source of supply and made contracts for three years with every mine at a minimum price of from 60*l.* to 65*l.*, plus half the surplus of the price of sale. Unfortunately, owing to the high prices, purchasers fell off, a great amount of old copper came into the market and was sold at a lower rate, while other and cheaper metals began to be used for purposes to which copper was generally devoted. Thus the speculators began to find their stock swell to an alarming extent, until the financial resources even of the Comptoir d'Escompte began to feel the strain, and last week matters came to a crisis by the suicide of the manager M. Denfert-Rochereau. The whole truth then leaked out, and a tremendous run at once began upon the Comptoir d'Escompte, and threatened to bring about a catastrophe. The Minister of Finance at once assembled the great financial authorities of Paris, and it was eventually decided that the Bank of France should lend the Comptoir d'Escompte 4,000,000*l.*, taking the assets of that institution as security. In this manner all obligations were met, and the public regaining confidence, ceased to form line outside the building in order to withdraw their deposits. The Bourse has naturally been greatly disturbed by the whole transaction, and a general uneasy feeling has been created in financial circles, already considerably disturbed by the failure of the Panama Canal Company.

The "Exhibition Cabinet" is showing the world that it is by no means the inane and colourless Ministry that people were led to expect. After having boldly dissolved the League of Patriots, M. Tirard has asked Parliamentary leave to prosecute MM. Laguerre, Turquet, and Laisant for organising a Secret Society, and has abrogated the decree exiling the Duc d'Aumale—a step supported by a large Parliamentary majority, and warmly applauded by moderate men of all sections. The Duke came to Paris on Monday, and at once called on M. Carnot, and thanked him for his action in the matter. On referring to the fact that no conditions had been imposed upon him, M. Carnot replied, "We know that with a man like you, conditions are needless." The Duke then visited the Academy, which had been convoked to give him a hearty reception. He was congratulated in the name of that body by the President, M. Jules Simon, who declared that the Duke was the last Frenchman who should have been touched by the Law of Exile—"You, who had so nobly and so correctly obeyed the laws of the country under the most difficult circumstances." There is little gossip from Paris, which is dutifully listening to the numerous Lenten sermons, and the only item of interest is the death, at the age of eighty-nine, of the well-known bookseller, M. Gaume—one of the last survivors of the First Napoleon's expedition to Moscow.

The abdication of King Milan of SERBIA is described in another column. Europe at large has received the news very calmly, though, of course, the step is looked upon as a virtual triumph of Russian over Austrian policy in the little kingdom, so that the Austrian Press is as despondent as the Russian journals are elated. The Servians themselves have been very quiet, they entertain no love or respect for the ex-King, and could in no way regret a change which might prove for the better. The Regency very wisely appointed a Radical Ministry, under General Sava Gruitch, with whom they have settled a programme binding the Cabinet to respect the new Constitution, and to effect retrenchment in the Budget. This last will be done by reducing the army—a step which King Milan has long and obstinately refused to adopt. Though, however, all appears calm and quiet on the outside in political circles, it is generally admitted that the future of Serbia is now more than ever in the hands of Russian wire-pullers, and the adherents of Prince Karageorgevitch are consequently in better spirits than for many years past. King Milan's abdication has also greatly raised the hopes of the Russian and Panslavist parties in Roumania, Montenegro, Macedonia, and Bulgaria—in which last State Prince Ferdinand's chances of a permanent residence are considered to have been materially lessened.

GERMANY has been heartily congratulating venerable Field-Marshal Von Moltke on having attained his seventieth year of service in the Prussian army. Telegrams and letters poured upon the veteran warrior, and the Emperor sent him a warmly-written letter, together with his bust in bronze, the Empress Augusta a statuette of his old master, William I., while the Empress telegraphed her congratulations from Kiel. Saturday was the anniversary of the death of the Emperor William—the mausoleum at Charlottenburg being visited by the Emperor and all the members of the Royal Family, a Memorial Service being also held at the Empress Augusta's palace. There is little news of the German operations in Eastern Africa, but much satisfaction is felt at the ultimate release by the chief, Bushiri, of the German captive missionaries, whom he has at length exchanged for a dozen slaves captured by the German war-vessel *Danzig*, and the payment of

6,000 rupees. Captain Wissmann intends to establish his headquarters at Dar-es-Salaam, and thence endeavour to reconquer Pangani, Saadani, and Bagamoyo to the north, and Kilwa and Lindi to the South. The German Admiral has already proclaimed martial law over the districts of Dar-es-Salaam and Bagamoyo.

INDIA has been startled by the discovery of some letters of the Maharaja of Cashmere, which are said to show a long course of treason against the Indian Government, and to reveal a plot to poison the British Resident, Lieutenant-Colonel R. Parry Nisbet. This officer has arrived in Calcutta with the letters, which are undoubtedly authentic, but which show from their style that the Maharajah was not sane at the time. The Looshai Expeditionary force is busily constructing barracks, and every effort is being made to provision the advanced posts. An effort will be made to punish the Shendus before the April rains begin, but great difficulty is encountered from the want of roads, labour, and supplies. General Auchinleck was expected to proceed to the front on Thursday. In Afghanistan all appears to be quiet and tranquil. The Government do not intend to send a mission in reply to the invitation of the Ameer, and that potentate is now devoting himself to establishing a Small Arms Factory and a Mint at Cabul.

In BURMA there has been further fighting. Khama, the capital of the Lepu Kachyens, has been destroyed by Lieutenant O'Donnell's force, which successfully traversed a difficult country, burning seventeen villages, and destroying a large quantity of corn and provisions. Our casualties number one European gunner and one seipoy killed, and Lieutenant O'Donnell, another officer, and twelve men wounded. Despite this success, which was somewhat qualified by a subsequent attack on our returning troops by the Kachyens, the *Times* correspondent writes, "although severe punishment and much suffering have been inflicted on the Kachyens, the work of pacification remains to be done."

In the UNITED STATES President Harrison has been putting his house in order, and allotting the spoils to his victorious followers. The movement for bringing about better relations with Canada, with the ultimate view of annexation, is decidedly on the increase, and in a debate on Tuesday, on a motion to abolish the Select Committee on relations with Canada, one speaker, Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, said that there was a large and growing body in Canada desirous of annexation to the United States; but no one proposed to bring about that annexation without the free, intelligent, and instructed will of the people of both countries. Finally the Committee was maintained, possibly on the recommendation of another orator, who remarked that "it afforded an opportunity for steam to blow off," though he regarded the whole agitation as preposterous, "for Canada was never more loyal to Great Britain than at the present time."

The King of HOLLAND continues very ill, and there has been much talk of a temporary Regency; but Queen Emma declines at present to be appointed Regent.—In GREECE the works of the Corinth Canal have been suspended, the company being affected by the financial crisis in Paris.—In ITALY Signor Crispi has succeeded in forming a new Ministry. The Italians are now thinking of going still further in the general rush after East African territory, and of annexing the coast-line from Ras Assad, a small headland near the fifth degree of latitude, to Kismaya, in Zanzibar territory, a possession which they have long coveted, and which will give them the principal course, if not the outlet, of the Juba river.—PORTUGAL is also pushing her claims to the Nyassa region, and Lieutenant Antonio Cardoso and his expedition have reached Lake Nyassa, and reports that the Kings of Cuirrassia and M'Ponda have received the Expedition in a friendly manner. The Geographical Society of Lisbon have requested the Government to send fresh reinforcements to the Expedition.—H.M.S. *Sultan* has been stranded on the rocks of COMINO, an island between Malta and Gozo, and all available hands have been trying hard to get her off during the week.—In SOUTH AFRICA Presidents Kruger and Reitz met on the 4th inst. at Potchefstroom to discuss the question of Federal Union, in favour of which the latter expressed himself very strongly.



THE QUEEN reached Biarritz at the end of last week after a pleasant journey. The Royal party had a good passage across the Channel, rested a short time at Cherbourg, and thence travelled in nineteen hours to Biarritz, stopping on the road at Libourne for breakfast and at Bordeaux to be formally welcomed to the district by the local authorities. Biarritz was gaily decorated in the Queen's honour, and crowds greeted the Royal party as they drove to the Pavillon La Rochefoucauld. Princess Frederica of Hanover, the French officials, and the heads of the English colony received Her Majesty at the station, while Count and Countess Gaston de la Rochefoucauld were waiting at the Pavillon to present the golden key of their house to the Queen, their children also offering bouquets. The day following her arrival being wet Her Majesty only drove through the town, but on Saturday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited the old fort, and the stretch of sand known as the Côte des Basques. In the afternoon they went to Bayonne, and stopped at the Convent des Bernardines, a strict Order whose members do not even speak to each other, nor did they relax their rule of remaining veiled before strangers when they defiled past Her Majesty. (Some illustrations of this convent appeared in No. 1,002, Feb. 9.) Next morning the Queen was expected at the English church, but instead the British chaplain, the Rev. G. Broade, performed Service before the Royal party at the Pavillon. Later the Queen and Princess drove through Biarritz and along the seashore, crowds coming out to meet them. Lord Lytton arrived on Tuesday, followed by the Duke of Rutland as Minister in attendance. In the afternoon Her Majesty witnessed a match of "Pelote au rebot," a pastime similar to tennis, and which may be termed the Basque National Game. The Royal party, although not having the best weather for excursions, drive twice daily round Biarritz. While preserving strict privacy the Queen will receive this week the civil and military authorities of the neighbourhood, and a guard of honour from the 6th Hussars and a military band attend Her Majesty during her stay. President Carnot also wrote to welcome the Queen to France, while Queen Christina of Spain sent an autograph letter greeting her sister Sovereign on the Spanish border. Probably their Majesties will shortly meet, when Queen Christina has sufficiently recovered from her present severe cold to journey from Madrid. The Queen will probably start on her homeward journey on April 4th, and will travel straight to Windsor without breaking the journey.

The Prince of Wales has returned home. On his way back from Cannes he spent three days in Paris, where he received a large number of visitors, and gave breakfast-parties to his old friends. General Boulanger also entered his name in the Prince's visitors' book. Besides dining at the British Embassy, the Prince went to the Nouveautés and the Folies-Dramatiques, and left Paris on Saturday night, reaching Marlborough House early on Sunday morning. The Princess and daughters had come up from San-

dringham on the previous day, Prince Albert Victor also arriving from York, and the Royal party all attending Divine Service in the morning. After service Prince Charles of Sweden called at Marlborough House, and the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor returned his visit later. Sunday being the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Prince and Princess's marriage, there was a family dinner in the evening, where Princess Louise, the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck were among the guests. On Monday evening the Prince and Princess visited the Royalty Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince witnessed the first display of the American Base-Ball players at the Kennington Oval, and on Wednesday evening presided at the twenty-first annual banquet of the Royal Colonial Institute. Yesterday (Friday) he would hold a Levée at St. James's on behalf of the Queen. To-day (Saturday) the Prince was to leave London for York, to inspect the Tenth Hussars, of which regiment he is Colonel. On the 27th inst. the Prince will go to Liverpool for the races, and will be the guest of Lord and Lady Selton at Croxeth.—Prince Albert Victor visits Belfast on May 22nd to open the Alexandra Graving Dock.

The Duke of Edinburgh was to formally resign his Mediterranean command yesterday (Friday). He has been actively superintending the salvage operations on the stranded *Sultan*.—Princess Christian has arrived at Wiesbaden with her two daughters, and will stay some weeks for treatment by an oculist. Probably she may visit the Grand Duke of Hesse at Darmstadt before returning home.—The arrangements for the two marriages in the Greek Royal family are nearly settled. The formal betrothal of the Crown Prince of Greece and Princess Sophie of Germany will take place by proxy at Berlin early in July, directly the Court mourning ceases, so that the bride may enter Athens for the marriage virtually as Crown Princess. Probably Prince Henry, her brother, will represent the Greek Crown Prince at the betrothal. Before this, however, the Princess Alexandra of Greece will have gone to St. Petersburg to marry the Grand Duke Paul in June.



THE great dramatic events of the week are the revival of *Richard III.* by Mr. Mansfield at the GLOBE, and the first performance in London of Mr. Pinero's comedy, *The Weaker Sex*, by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, at the COURT. Both productions are announced for this (Saturday) evening. The dramatic critics, like Desdemona, "do perceive here a divided duty."

Next Thursday is the date of the *matinée* at the COMEDY at which Mr. C. Hawtrey proposes to produce Mr. Sydney Grundy's new farcical comedy. The title is *Merry Margate*. Mr. Penley will play the part of an advertising soap manufacturer who has a habit of sticking adhesive bills recommending his wares on every convenient spot. The playgoing public will be glad to learn that Miss Sophie Larkin, who has long been absent through illness, will return to the stage on this occasion. Other characters, in an exceptionally strong cast, will be played by Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Vane Featherstone, Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Garthorne, and Mr. W. F. Hawtrey.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree is going to give his patrons a striking exemplification of the art of making up. On the last night of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which will be withdrawn, as already announced, just before Easter, he will play both Falstaff and Grigoire—the huge "mountain of flesh" of Shakespeare, and the starved, emaciated poet of M. Theodore de Banville's piece. Even more remarkable, however, than anything that the arts of the dressing-room can accomplish will be the change of the man himself. Those who go to the theatre to study acting are beginning to recognise the fact that we have in Mr. Tree an actor of unrivalled versatility and power of grasping the spirit of widely divergent characters.

The scene of Mr. Outram Tristram's new drama, entitled *The Panel Picture*, in preparation at the OPÉRA COMIQUE, is laid in Brittany shortly before the period of the amnesty of the convicted Communists. Lady Monckton will play a leading part.

The new play by Mr. Pinero, with which Mr. Hare contemplates commencing his reign in the GARRICK Theatre, will probably be called *The Profligate*. Besides Mr. Hare, the cast will include Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Horlock, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Sidney Brough, Mr. Dodsworth, Mr. Cathcart, and last, though not least, Mrs. Gaston Murray.

Mr. D'Alberson, the popular acting-manager of the AVENUE Theatre, has met with a rather serious accident. In handling a revolver one of the chambers of the weapon "went off," as the ladies say, and Mr. D'Alberson was shot in the hand.

An American actress, Miss Kinharvie, will make her first appearance on the English stage as the heroine of Mr. Bronson Howard's *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, at TERRY'S Theatre, on the afternoon of Tuesday, 26th inst. Miss Watt Tanner, who makes her *début* at a *matinée* at the same house, on Tuesday next, is an Australian actress. She will play the leading character in a new comedy by Mr. J. W. Pigott, which bears the title of *The Bookmaker*.

It is said that no fewer than forty travelling theatrical companies journeyed, with their scenery and appointments, on the Midland Railway on Monday last. The total *personnel* was nearly 800 strong. Such facts convey a striking notion of the activity of theatrical enterprise in these days.

Mr. Tom Matthews, the once renowned clown, died last week at Kemp Town, Brighton. Mr. Matthews took his farewell benefit at DRURY LANE twenty-three years ago in the pantomime of *Hop o' My Thumb*; but even then he was unequal to the exertions of the harlequinade, and was fain to content himself with a less conspicuous part. He was a pupil of the renowned Grimaldi, and succeeded that great master. It is said to think that the performer whose agility was a source of pleasure to children who have now long passed the meridian of life suffered of late from a partial loss of the use of his limbs. He appears, however, to have retained his cheerfulness till near his death, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

Miss Lingard has resumed the part of Mistress Ford in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the HAYMARKET.

Mr. Osborne Buckle, who has furnished Miss Marion Lea with the new version of *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, in which she is to play the part of the cruelly-maligned heroine, is the brother of the editor of the *Times*. Alexandre Dumas' play is known to our stage through a version called *A Night in the Bastille*, brought out some half-century ago. It is noteworthy that Mrs. Stirling, who is still an assiduous frequenter of the theatres, played the heroine in the latter piece. Mr. Buckle prefers the title of *The Duke's Boast*.

The proceedings in the case of Miss Harriet Vernon's bankruptcy have brought to light the fact that this lady's exertions in the pantomime at DRURY LANE are rewarded by Mr. Augustus Harris with a salary of 70*l.* a-week. These "hard times" appear to be in no wise hard for popular performers.

The famous "Pendragon" has certified that there is little or nothing in the complaints that have been made of the new play entitled *Nowadays*, on the score of misrepresentation of turf practices. On all hands Mr. Wilson Barrett's impersonation of



John Saxton is admitted to be a very subtle, powerful, and finished study in a line which is not in the usual way of this popular actor.

Mr. Augustus Harris has given the use of DRURY LANE Theatre for the Jubilee benefit of the Theatrical Fund on April 11th.—The annual meeting of this institution took place on the stage of the LYCEUM, on Thursday in this week.

M. Soubliou is the *nom de guerre* of the librettist of a new comic opera entitled *Delia*, with music by M. Bucalossi, which was produced at Bristol on Monday. The choice of the name has a certain flavour of *opera-bouffe* about it.

A "Ballet of Toys," which Mr. George Edwardes is said to be going to import from a Vienna Theatre, is described as a "great novelty;" but surely we have seen something like this before on our stage. The scene of the piece in which the animated toys appear will probably be "Lowther Arcadia."

Mr. Irving's son has written to the papers to say that his name is Irving and not Brodribb, his distinguished father having formally exchanged his natal patronymic by Royal Letters Patent for the name by which he is now so widely known.

Mr. Burnand's *Pickwick*, with Mr. Edward Solomon's music, has been transferred at the COMEDY to the evening bill, where it now follows *Uncles and Aunts*. The success of the cantata has been unequivocal.

In spite of the unfavourable weather on the 7th inst., a crowded audience assembled in ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL on the occasion of Mr. Frederick Burgess's Twenty-fourth Annual Musical and Dramatic Fête. The first part of the programme consisted of a budget of songs (most of them new) by the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, concluding with a selection from that charming old opera, *Masaniello*. In the second part of the programme, as is usual on these occasions, various musical and dramatic celebrities appeared. Songs, stories, and recitations were severally delivered by Miss Constance Loseby, Mr. J. J. Dallas, Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. E. J. Lonnien, Mr. Charles Collette, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. Lionel Brough, and others. The entertainment concluded with a new nautical drill entitled, *Our Jolly Jack Tars*, by the juvenile members of the Moore and Burgess Company.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—On Wednesday evening, March 20th, a new piece will be produced, entitled *Brittany Folk*, written by Walter Frith, music by Alfred J. Caldicott.



BEFORE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sir Walter Phillimore supported, in a learned argument, the Bishop of Lincoln's objections, formerly mentioned in this column, to the jurisdiction and constitution of the Court appointed to try him. He further contended that a Bishop was not bound by the Rubrics and directions of the Book of Common Prayer, which mentioned priest or minister, so that if the Bishop of Lincoln had varied from them, he had not committed any offence cognisable by an Ecclesiastical Court.

THE BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS has censured as "most unrighteous" the assertion contained in a catechism recently published by an Essex vicar, according to which attendance at a Dissenting place of worship was to be regarded as a sin equal to lying and theft.

THE FARMHOUSE AT STANDON of the Church Society of providing homes for waifs and strays having been for some time full to overflowing, the Bishop of Truro has presented to it seven acres of freehold land at North Walsham. It is proposed to raise funds to erect on them buildings to accommodate some forty boys, who will be trained for farm life in the colonies.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER, presiding at the annual meeting of the Girls' Friendly Society in that city, said that factory-girls could not be expected to know much about domestic duties; and it was no wonder that, after a hard day's toil, they went to theatres and dancing saloons, or joined the great procession of evening promenaders. It was our duty to provide shelter, amusement, and pleasant companionship for them in order to keep them out of temptation.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the London Diocesan Conference, presided over by Bishop Temple, the Rev. J. J. Coxhead, of St. John's, Fitzroy Square, Chairman of the Bye-Laws Committee of the London School Board, moved a resolution, declaring the evils produced by early and improvident marriages to be such as to necessitate a reform of the marriage-laws. He asserted that a *crisis* race was being raised in our large towns, mentally defective, morally dangerous, and physically incapable. Its increase was encouraged by our laws, which permitted the marriage of males at the age of fourteen, and of females at that of twelve. It was true that the consent of parents was nominally required for the marriage of minors, but if a refusal of consent was not notified to the minister or surrogate, or the banns were not forbidden, the marriage could proceed. Mr. Coxhead was of opinion that a notification of the consent of the parents to all such marriages should be required by the minister or surrogate; and that the minimum age of marriage should be raised. After some discussion, the resolution was adopted by a large majority.

THE EAST WINDOW OF ST. MARY'S, OXFORD (the University Church), is to be filled with stained-glass as a memorial of Dean Burgon, who was Vicar of the parish for more than twenty years.



THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.—The proceedings on Tuesday this week included a production of the result of an examination of the books of the Hibernian Bank, from which it appeared that between May, 1877, and June, 1888, there had been paid into it on account of the Land League, the National League, and a less productive set of funds called the "United Ireland group," amounting to 451,660*l.*, of which 446,980*l.* had been disbursed. But the chief event of the day was the extraordinary disclosure made by a Mr. Coffey, an Irish newspaper reporter, a member of the Land League, who had made to the Irish Government some years ago, and recently to the proceedings of the *Times*, a series of statements respecting the proceedings of the League which, if true, would have been very startling. One of them, for instance, was that, in 1881, at a meeting of the League in Limerick, Mr. W. Abraham, M.P., and Mr. Finucane, M.P., actually urged the murder of an emergency caretaker on a boycotted estate. In the witness-box, however, Mr. Coffey

declared, and even boasted, that those of his statements which compromised others, were, from beginning to end, deliberately-invented falsehoods, the latest of them being told, seemingly, to procure himself, at the expense of the *Times*, a visit to and sojourn in London.—He made this avowal with the utmost effrontery, and was frequently rebuked for his flippancy and insolence by the President, who, at the close of his examination, ordered him into custody for contempt of Court, in, Sir James Hannen said to him, "loisting yourself on the Court and occupying its time for the purpose only of befooling those who had taken your evidence." On Wednesday Mr. Soames was re-examined, with a view to repel the suggestion that he had failed to make sufficient inquiry into Coffey's character and career, and into the truth or falsehood of his allegations. At the close of the day's proceedings the Attorney-General said that all his witnesses had now been called. Sir C. Russell then asked for time to prepare his defence, and accordingly the Court adjourned till April 2nd.

MR. LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., has introduced into Parliament two Bills, one of which aims at preventing the publication of indecent details in the proceedings in a superior court of law, which is empowered to prohibit their publication in a general way. The punishment for an offence of the kind is imprisonment for a period not exceeding a month, or a fine not exceeding 50*l.*, or both. The other Bill is meant to abolish the enforced abstinence, in certain cases, of juries, which was satirised by Pope when he described how "wretches hang that jurymen may dine." It empowers a jury in trials for felony to separate, at any time before they consider their verdict, for refreshment or rest.

GRAND JURIES BOTH AT WINCHESTER AND AT HERTFORD have made presentments suggesting legislation which would enable corporal punishment to be inflicted in the case of burglars arrested with firearms and other dangerous weapons in their possession. At Winchester, Mr. Justice Hawkins said that it was even more important to have flogging inflicted in the case of crimes of brutal violence to women and children. The Grand Jury added to their presentment a suggestion to that effect.

A POINT OF A NOVEL KIND in connection with betting transactions was decided this week in the Queen's Bench Division. A. had once at least employed B., a turf commission agent, to execute a bet for him, and deposited 5*l.*, of which after settlement only 2*l.* remained in B.'s hands. A. then gave him a commission to execute certain other bets which B. neglected to do, and which if he had executed them, would have resulted in a gain to A. of 27*l.* odd. On this A. brought, in the Mayor's Court, an action against B. for the amount, and the jury gave a verdict in his favour, the Judge reserving for the decision of a superior Court the question whether an action of the kind is maintainable. Mr. Baron Huddleston and Mr. Justice Manisty have held that it is not maintainable, and they arrived at this decision on the ground that if the defendant had made the bets and the persons who lost had not paid them, then he could not have recovered them, as by the Gaming and Betting Act they were null and void.



#### DRAWINGS BY CATTERMOLLE

MESSRS. VOKINS are now exhibiting at their gallery in Great Portland Street an interesting collection of more than a hundred water-colour drawings by George Cattermole. Those who are not familiar with the work of this painter, who died twenty-one years ago, cannot fail to be struck with the analogy that exists between his art and that of Sir John Gilbert. We do not mean to imply that the living painter derived much from the example of his predecessor. He is, perhaps, the more original artist of the two; his range is wider, and he is a more accomplished master of technique. Cattermole also was essentially a romantic painter, and was deeply imbued with the spirit of mediævalism. He had a fine sense of colour, and was quite as accomplished in landscape as in figure painting. In several drawings in the room, including some of the best, landscape and figures are most artistically combined—in "The Disputed Pass," for instance, in "The Monastery Porch," and in the large poetical and impressive picture, "The King's Camp at Donnington Castle by Moonlight." Although Cattermole's figures are sometimes faulty in design, they are generally expressive in their gestures. Among many excellent pictures of mediæval life, "The Day of Almsgiving," the small "Reading the Bible," lent by Mr. Orrock, and the more dramatic "Darnley Conspirators," are especially noteworthy. In addition to their picturesque character, they have harmony of composition and colour to recommend them, and unity of effect.

#### THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS

THE Seventh Annual Exhibition of this Society, just opened at the Royal Water-Colour Gallery in Pall Mall, has for its chief attraction a collection of 140 works by Mr. Seymour Haden, got together by the Council in acknowledgment of his services in promoting the art, and in furthering purposes of the Society of which he is President. They are very varied in subject, but true artistic instinct and complete mastery of the method are to be seen in all of them. "The Breaking-Up of the Agamemnon" and the fresh and luminous view of "Greenwich" are excellent examples of his work on a large scale; and many of the smaller landscape studies are equally good. They are executed with surprising freedom and certainty of line; and though the individual facts of nature are suggested rather than realised, they are indicated in a way possible only to an artist with a true perception of the limitations of the Art in two or three small sea-view studies. They are strongly suggestive of nature, and remarkable for the economy of means employed in their production. Every line in them is to the purpose, and expressive. The figure subjects by Mr. W. Strang form a very striking feature of the collection. His series of eight illustrations to "Death and the Ploughman's Wife," by their virile strength and austerity of style, recall the work of M. Léros; but they nevertheless show distinct originality and much imaginative power. His low-toned interior with many figures, "The Rehearsal," is an admirable little work; and some of studies of heads are full of individuality, and drawn with masterly firmness and precision. Mr. Walter Sickert sends a large number of very slight landscape and figure sketches, while others are dexterously vague and purposeless. Among several large works by Mr. Axel Haig, "Moonlight at Toledo" is especially noteworthy for truth of effect and artistic breadth of treatment, but, like many other works in the room, it wants the characteristic quality that should distinguish etching from other forms of Art. The sea-view studies by Mr. H. Marshall, Mr. C. E. Holloway, and Mr. R. Goff, and the picturesque street scenes by Mr. R. Toovey and Mr. E. Slocombe, well deserve attention.



THE TURF.—In miserable weather, the Leicester Meeting opened on Friday last week. After being beaten by Vibration in a Selling Hunters' Hurdle Race, Cambalu later on managed to win a similar race on the flat. Rikiki came in first for the Mapperley Handicap Steeplechase Plate, but was disqualified for going the wrong side of a post—another misfortune for Count Esterhazy, whose ill-luck with Et Cætera is still fresh in the memory. The race was awarded to Charming Nancy. Next day the weather improved, but not the sport. Fields ruled very small, and the only event of importance was the March Handicap Hurdle Race Plate, won by Craven. At Croydon, on Tuesday, the Grand International Hurdle Race, the most important event of the meeting, was won by Mr. Low's Alcæus; while next day the United Kingdom Steeplechase fell to Old Joe.

FOOTBALL.—Aston Villa have been going down the hill ever since their defeat by Oxford University. On Saturday last, Derby County beat them by five goals to one in a League match. As usual, Scotland inflicted a severe defeat upon Ireland, seven goals to *nil* being the score at the finish. The most interesting contest of the day, however, was that between the Corinthians and Preston North End at the Oval. The teams have met twice before this season, and on both occasions the Lancastrians were successful. This time the Southerners won by two goals to none. The losers are probably a little stale, and will have to pull themselves together if they are to win the Association Cup. Lovers of the Rugby game also had a fine match to watch at Blackheath, where the home team beat Cardiff by two goals and two tries to *nil*. Each side played four three-quarter-backs, an arrangement not often seen in the South. The metropolitan champions, London Scottish, journeyed to Bradford and played a draw with the local fifteen. The New Zealanders have beaten Widnes and Manchester.

BILLIARDS.—Roberts is this week playing Mitchell, and giving him 10,000 out of 20,000. Next week he begins a money-match with North on the same terms. These are gigantic odds, but no one knows what the Champion can really do. Playing against Cook last week he made a break of 690, thus beating his own record of 604, made in November, 1886. During the same match, moreover, he made a run of 108 nursery cannons, also a record, Mr. Peall's 102 being the previous best. The latter was beaten by Peall in their spot-barred match. This week Peall is trying to give White 4,000 in 18,000, all in, and ought to win, though the long-start man began very well, and made a break of 1,745 on Tuesday which included 552 consecutive spot-strokes. Peall, however, put this in the shade on Wednesday with an unfinished contribution of 2,053.

BASE BALL.—The American players arrived on Saturday, and played their first match at the Oval in the presence of the Prince of Wales and eight thousand humbler spectators. Much interest was taken in the game, in which Chicago defeated All America by seven runs to four. At Lord's next day, before three thousand spectators, All America turned the tables, and won by seven runs to six.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—Pollock Hill, who is going wonderfully well just now, ran 1,000 yards at Oxford last week in 2 min. 15 4-5 secs. (English record). Cross was again defeated. It is said that he has been playing overmuch football of late.—The match between Grant and Wharton was not decided, the former paying forfeit.

ROWING.—Symonds-Taylor has re-entered the Cambridge boat. The Light Blue eight will therefore be identical with that which defeated Oxford last year. On Monday the Cambridge men arrived at Putney. The Dark Blues on the same day journeyed to Cookham. They come to the tideway next week.

CRICKET.—The Englishmen in South Africa have beaten Twenty-two of Graaf-Reinet in an innings, and Fifteen of the Eastern District by eight wickets.

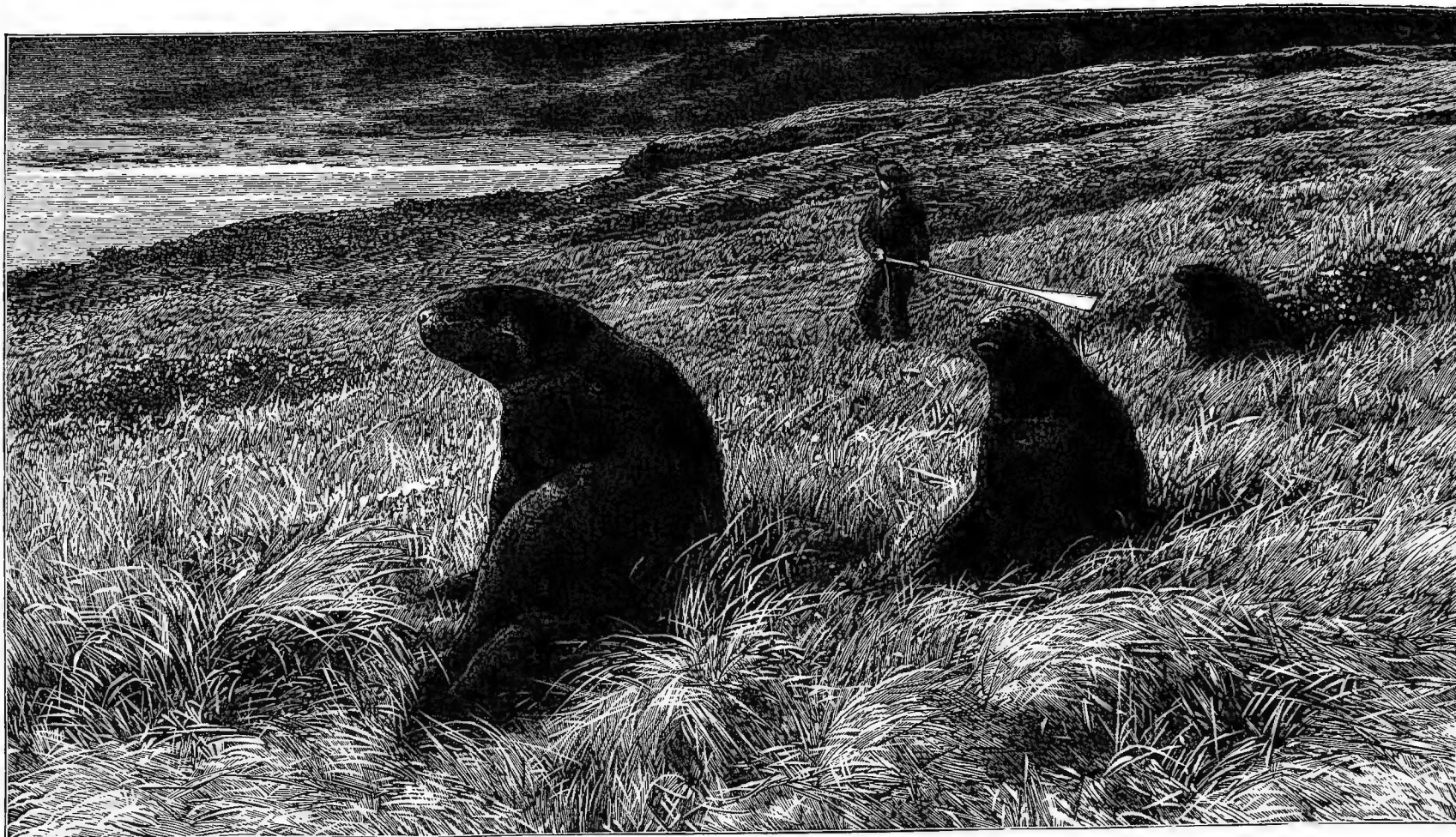


A WEATHER CHART, which has just been issued by Mr. B. G. Jenkins, F.R.A.S., takes into consideration a number of meteorological and astronomical facts which are of much interest to observers. The Chart for 1888 had the unique distinction of indicating a remarkably wet July, so that it is quite a relief to find that July, 1889, is to be of really summer-like character. April is to be a quiet month, and May a rainy one, after which the three summer months are all to be fine. The autumn, however, is to reverse our recent experiences, and is to be the worst, instead of the best, period of the year. The people whose luck it was to take their holiday in September, 1888, are advised not to repeat this policy of procrastination in 1889.

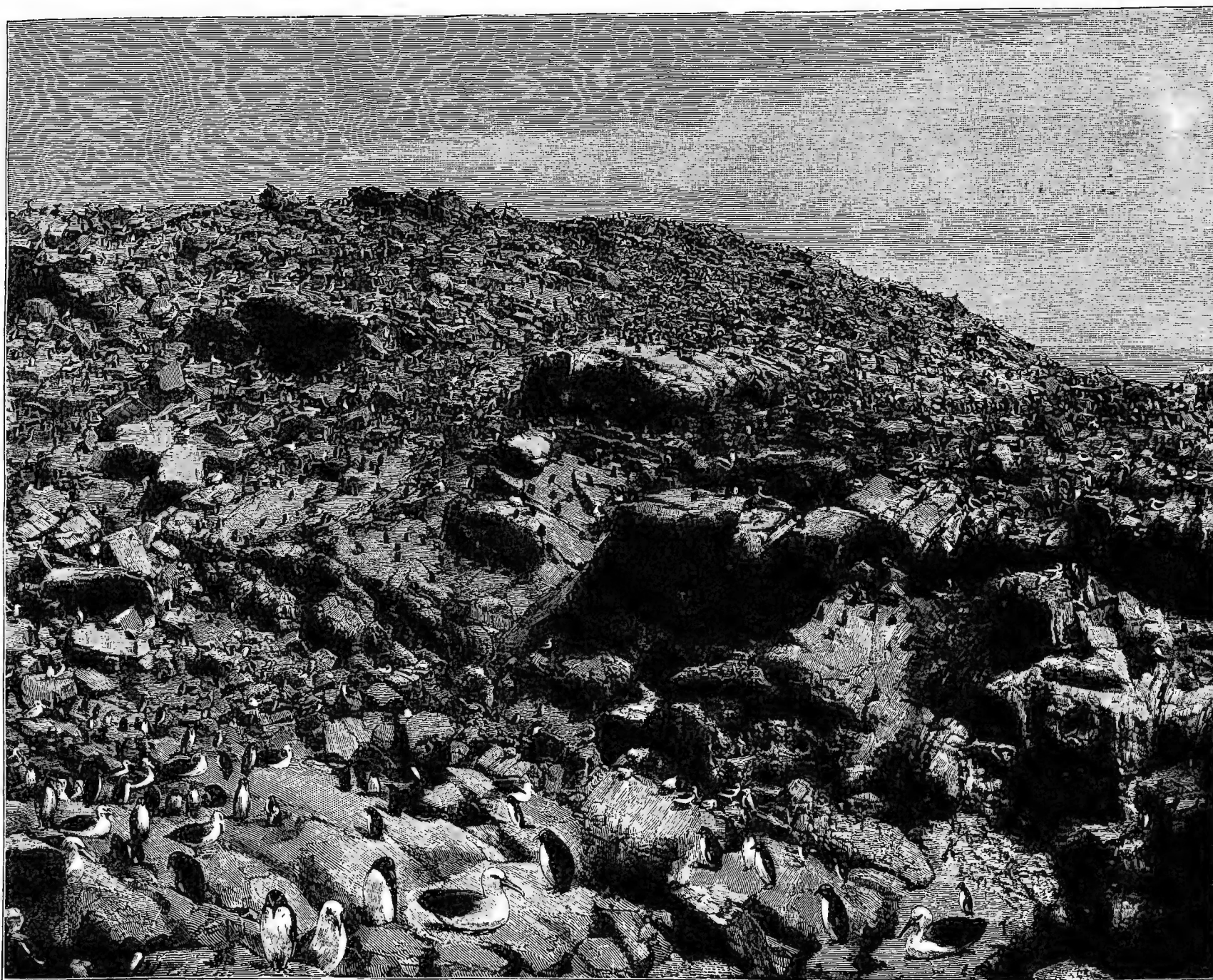
GRAIN PRICES.—The value of English wheat has at last risen by a single penny above the thirty-shilling level. Few, indeed, who looked out on the rain-drenched fields of July, or lamented the sodden harvest of August, could have believed that the savings of that disastrous season would be otherwise than precious. A rise in price was in fact predicted by millers' as well as by farmers' organs. What has been the cause of the depression, then? The large imports from Russia, is the reply that is vouchsafed at Liverpool or Mark Lane. But if these receipts have been in truth excessive, how comes it that stocks have fallen since January by 26 per cent.? The reason for wheat falling in February to 29s. 5*d.* per qr. is to be found elsewhere: in the inability of farmers to keep back damp grain till March winds had dried and cooled the stacks. Barley at 26s. is 3s. 7*d.* below the average of a year ago, but quality accounts for most of the decline. Oats at 16s. 10*d.* are very cheap, but still show some improvement from the wonderfully low rates of last year.

CHEAP FEEDING STUFFS.—Until quite recently, linseed and cotton-seed cake, and the various sorts of grain-meal were about the only artificial feeding-stuffs upon the market, but there is now a much greater choice, and the prices are so low as enable farmers to fatten stock much more profitably than was wont to be the case. Desiccated grains, oat hulls, maize bran, germ of maize, malt combs, rice hulls, being all the waste products of other manufactures, can be sold very cheaply, while fenugreek, molasses, and other appetisers and condiments are cunningly added to otherwise unattractive rations, till the cattle take them with avidity. Then there are the various natural forms of food which come from the East, dari muttor and the like, together with cheap Indian peas and lentils from Asia Minor. The inferior portion of the better crops are also in the market. Plenty of barley is to be had at 2s. 6*d.* per bushel, and oats at 2s. per bushel, so that the stock-farmer has no reason to





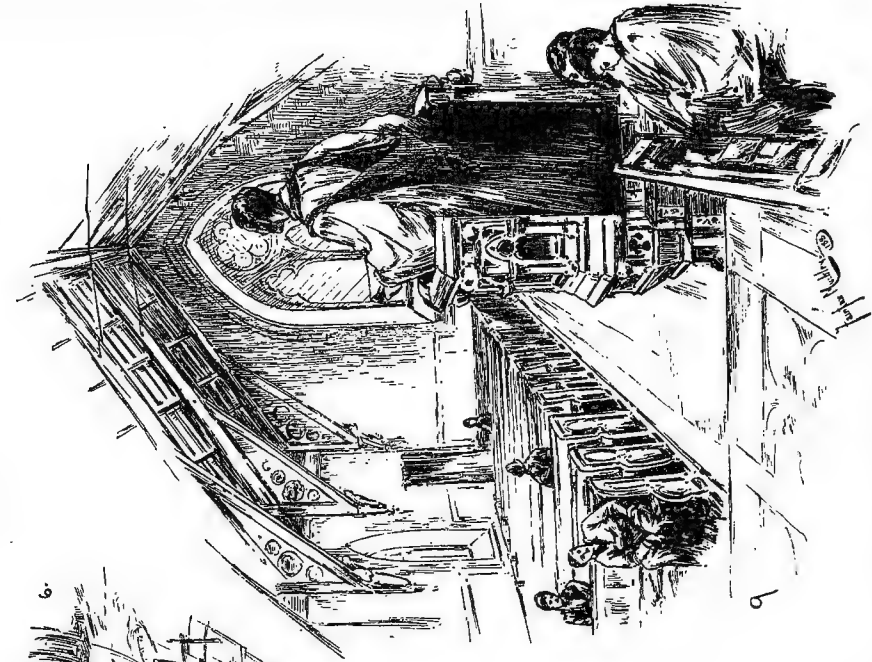
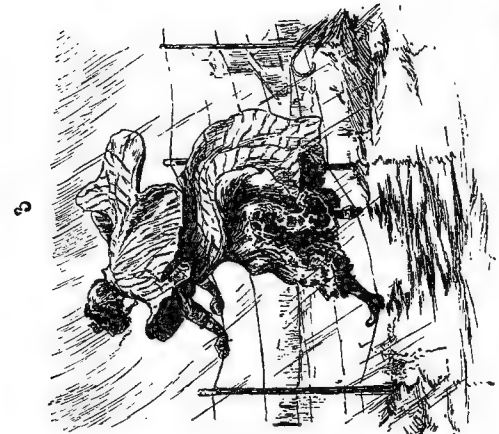
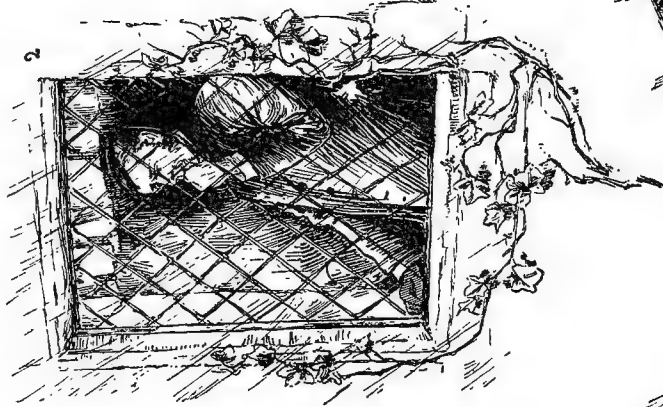
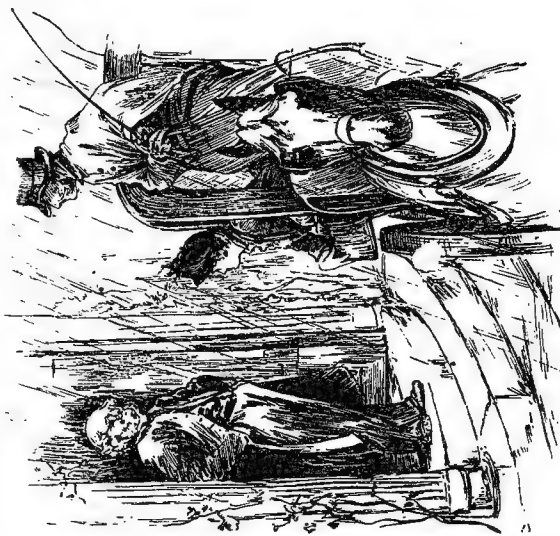
SEA LIONS, ROSS ISLAND, AUCKLAND ISLANDS



PENGUINS AND MOLLYAWKS, BOUNTY ISLANDS

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS





1. "Oh! no, no, my dear. You must get Mr. Sweetlow to take the full duty for me this morning."  
2. Mr. Sweetlow: "I shall send word to the Organist."  
3. But the Organist had started

4. And had arrived first. "Allow me, Mr. Sweetlow"  
5. The Choir, too  
6. An Accident to the Sermon

7. "Did you call for the Key?" "No, did you?"  
8. This good Lady tried hard to get there  
9. In Aid of Church Expenses

HOW WE WENT TO CHURCH IN PATERDALE, CUMBERLAND, WHEN THE FLOODS WERE OUT



complain of what the keep of the animals he is fattening costs him.

COUNTRY CHAMBERS OF AGRICULTURE will do well to take note of the change of date of the next meeting of the Central Chamber. As to the reason of the change we have no information, but the ordinary April meeting is replaced by one to be held on the 26th of March for the discussion (1) of tithes and their redemption; (2) of the manner in which the corn averages are compiled; (3) of the security of tenants' compensation under the Agricultural Holdings Act on mortgaged estates. The first of these subjects is one on which we do not anticipate the meeting will get "much forwarder." The redemption of tithes is as ticklish a matter as the third subject the recent legal decision can only, we imagine, be changed by a fresh Act of Parliament. But on the middle subject of the Corn Returns the Central Chamber and its county satellites ought really to shed some useful gleams of light. The present method hardly finds a defender outside the Board of Trade.

OXFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—This excellent and enterprising association is already preparing for its annual Show, which this year will be held at romantic Woodstock on May 22nd and 23rd. The limits of the Show have been widened, until there are now twenty-three classes and six champion prizes, the gathering being rather one of the Southern Midlands than a simple county affair. Cart-horses are made a great specialty, there being the remarkable number of twelve classes thereof, including one for a Shire stallion to travel the district. The sheep are always a feature of an Oxfordshire Show, but the Oxford Downs evidently do not fear competition, Cotswolds, Hampshires, and Southdowns being freely invited. Two champion prizes are allotted to Oxford and Berkshire pigs, and there are also prizes for corn (restricted, as they should be, to growers), for butter, honey, eggs, cheese, and dead poultry. Sheep-shearing and horse-shoeing competitions will this

year materially increase the attractiveness of what is always an attractive Show.

METAYERS AND HORSE-BREEDING.—The Shire Horse Show, the Hackney Show, the number of classes allotted to cart-horses at the approaching Royal, Oxfordshire, and other Shows, are so many signs of the growing interest in horse-breeding of the more useful type. England has already achieved the reputation of being the nation of horsemen and of horse-breeders. Our horses, from racers and thoroughbreds to the Mr. Watts's heroes, the great dray-horses, are eagerly competed for by foreign buyers. Why do not our farmers breed more horses? Mainly because it requires capital, and because its losses by fatality or accident are heavy enough, if they come at all, to sink "a small man." But with 2½ per cent. Consols nearly at par, and the Grand Old Financier himself proclaiming his receipt of less than three per cent. from his land, cannot something be done to induce the landlord to throw his money into horse-breeding in partial partnership "of payments by results"—on metayage tenure, as it were—with sound and competent agriculturists?

SALES OF BRITISH CORN, since harvest, have included the following deliveries at the one hundred and eighty-seven statute markets. Wheat, 1,403,150 qrs.; barley, 2,043,500 qrs.; oats, 194,916 qrs. As compared with 1887-8, the wheat deficiency revealed is about 20 per cent., which, if Government officials could be called to account like less distinguished persons, would be a difficult matter for the Privy Council estimators to explain. These gentlemen have officially pronounced the wheat-crop of 1888 to be 74,493,133 bushels against 76,224,940 bushels in 1887, a difference of about 2 per cent. only. Barley sales, since harvest, have also been smaller than in the preceding year, though, in this case, only 6 per cent. The sales of oats in the two years are practically identical. The deliveries of wheat at the one hundred and eighty-seven markets are reckoned to be about 33 per cent. of the sales for

the entire kingdom, which, therefore, may be taken to have been 4,212,000 qrs. The reserves of English wheat, still in farmers' hands, are believed by good authorities not to exceed 3,000,000 quarters.

LONDON still derives as much flour from English counties as from foreign ports. Last week 43,493 sacks entered the metropolis. East Anglia sent 12,987, Boston (the American one) 9,790, Baltimore (Maryland) 8,743, and New York 1,792. Our kin beyond sea were represented by 200 sacks from Adelaide, but Australia often figures for a much larger figure than this. Malt, too, is locally made, not imported; and here again East Anglia supplies London with the biggest figure on the list—12,637 qrs., out of 23,301 in all. Of wheat, 3,977 qrs. English, 3,462 qrs. were from the three counties of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk; Kent sent but 90 qrs., Sussex but 30 qrs., and Hampshire but 76 qrs. East Anglia is still the granary of London. With the exception of 928 qrs., nearly all the British barley was East Anglian; so, too, was the bulk of beans and peas. But oats came mostly from the North. Ireland, which once did a good trade in supplying the metropolis with this cereal, has come down to a beggarly 100 qrs. In some weeks even this paltry total is not attained.

THE NEW HEAD-QUARTERS of the 20th Middlesex (Artists') R.V. in Duke's Road, Euston Road, immediately behind St. Pancras Church, will be opened by T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales on Monday, March 28th, at 3 P.M. A Musical and Dramatic Entertainment will follow, in which, among other artistes, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mdlle. A. Trebelli, Miss Jessie Bond, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. E. Terry, Mr. W. S. Penley, and Signor Foli will appear. Tickets, price one guinea, may be obtained of the Adjutant, Captain Gore Browne, at the Head-Quarters. The money thus obtained will be applied to clearing off the debt (of about 3,300l.) incurred in erecting the new buildings.

# SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES.

The Best and Surest Remedy for Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST, LUNGS, and STOMACH.

EXTRACT IN FAC SIMILE FROM THE TESTIMONIAL RECEIVED FROM SIR MORELL MACKENZIE:—

*I regard them as extremely valuable in Obsolete Catarrhal affections of the Throat. They are especially beneficial in catarrhal diseases of the air-passages, and I have frequently found them of great service in the case of Singers and Public Speakers.*  
2 September 1887  
Morell Mackenzie  
M.D. Lond.

The ONLY Remedy which has been awarded the HIGHEST POSSIBLE DISTINCTION by the JURY OF MEDICAL EXPERTS at the



TRADE MARK

BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1888.

TRADE MARK



A FIRST-CLASS HOUSEHOLD REMEDY gained from the salts of the Medicinal Springs of Bath Sodden in the Taunus. They are NATURE'S OWN MEDICINE, not to be imitated by any production of Pharmacy or the Laboratory. They contain neither poisonous drugs nor anodynes injurious to the constitution, and may therefore (to cite the words written by the celebrated Professor JUSTUS VON LIEBIG about the Sodden Waters) be prescribed by the Physician as a Remedy fit for every organisation, the weak and the irritable, as well as the strongest. Dr. HERMANN WEBER, Physician to the German Hospital, London, in his work on the curative effects of Baths and Waters, particularly recommends the Sodden Medicinal Waters, which are condensed in these Pastilles, in Cases of Bronchitis, Catarrh, even in those which are complicated with commencing consumption.

## THROAT IRRITATION AND HOARSENESS.

453, Brixton Road, S.W.  
November 9th, 1887.

Gentlemen.—I have tried the Sodden Mineral Pastilles in a case of Chronic Catarrh of the pharynx and larger respiratory tubes in an old lady with much benefit. I have also ordered them at the Brixton Dispensary.

I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,  
T. PRESTON LEWIS, M.D., M.R.C.S.

4, Ludgate Circus Buildings, London,  
December 31st, 1887.

Dear Sir.—As one who has undergone the operation of tracheotomy, allow me to bear testimony to the value of the Sodden Mineral Pastilles, as they have given me wonderful relief. My advice, as one who has suffered with the throat a great deal, to those in any way so affected, is to give them a trial without delay.

Yours truly, J. HILL.

From the RIGHT REV. BISHOP RICHARDSON.

I have tried the Sodden Mineral Pastilles which you have sent me, and find them excellent. Most clergymen would find their pulpit work aided by the use of your lozenges, which clear the voice most remarkably.  
December 26th, 1887.

## BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

7, Lilybank Gardens, Hill Head, Glasgow.

Dear Sir.—I have used the box of Sodden Pastilles you sent me some time ago, and am favourably impressed with the result. The case was one of Chronic Bronchitis in an aged patient. There was a marked effect in assisting the solution of the cough expectoration. They seem to have a generally tonic effect, my patient remarking on the assistance to digestion which they afforded.

Yours truly (Signed), ALEX. FREW.

Rose Cottage, Statham, Melton Mowbray.  
Gentlemen.—Your lozenges I received when I was suffering from Influenza, Bronchitis, and Asthma, and I have great pleasure in testifying to their great efficacy in the alleviation and removal of these troublesome affections. I shall have much pleasure in recommending them to my professional friends, as I have never had anything to relieve me so quickly.

Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) P. CLARK, Surgeon, &c.,  
M.R.C.S., L.S.A., London.

January 18th, 1888.

Denby House, Bushey Park, Bristol,  
March 3, 1888.

Proprietors of the Sodden Pastilles.  
Sirs.—I have derived benefit from these Pastilles in the case of a severe attack of Bronchitis, and declare that I have never found such benefit from using only three boxes in any other lozenge that I have tried.

Your very grateful servant,  
(Signed) H.Y. OSBORNE.

## COUGHS AND DIPHTHERIA.

Miss CURTIS, daughter of Sir Lucius Curtis, Bart., writes:—  
The Sodden Mineral Pastilles are first rate for coughs. I have derived immense benefit since taking them, and my cough is nearly well. Please send me another box.  
November 28th, 1887.

F. L. CURTIS.

Edwyn Ralph Rectory,  
Bromyard, Worcester.

Dear Sirs.—I have used with the greatest success the Sodden Mineral Pastilles. My little boy, aged six and a-half years, suffers much from swollen tonsils, which occasionally give rise to a most distressing cough, which is very exhausting. I found that your Pastilles gave him instantaneous relief.

I am, faithfully yours,  
(Signed) — E. L. CHILDE-FREEMAN.

December 24th, 1887.

Abercainry, Crieff, N.B.  
January 30th, 1888.

Dear Sir.—I have had four years' suffering from bronchial affection with troublesome cough, and from what I have already experienced of the box which I had a week ago, I have a great idea that I shall benefit very much from them—Yours truly,

(Signed) F. HARDIE.

## CATARRHS OF THE LUNGS AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

3, Weatherby Gardens, South Kensington,  
March 22, 1888.

LORD KEANE has taken the Sodden Mineral Pastilles when suffering from Catarrh of the Stomach. They completely cured him, and he can recommend them as the best Lozenge for Coughs, Bronchitis, and Catarrh of the Stomach.

16, Iron Market, Newcastle, Staff.,  
December 30, 1887.

Gentlemen.—My lungs being affected, and being under Dr. Hutton, he asked me to try some of your Pastilles, which I have done, and am pleased to inform you that I have found great relief from the few I have taken.

Yours respectfully,  
(Signed) JOHN MEENEY.

18, Hampton Street, Birmingham,  
March 26th, 1888.

Gentlemen.—Having purchased your Sodden Pastilles I at once obtained relief from a very serious catarrh. I also gave part of one dissolved in water to my child three months old, and found a very troublesome cough, and giving it ease and comfort. I shall most strongly recommend them to all my friends.

Yours very faithfully  
(Signed) J. C. WHATELEY, D.D.S.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES are doubly valuable, inasmuch as they produce simultaneously the most favoured effect upon the organs of digestion. In catarrh of the stomach, hemorrhoids, and habitual constipation they cause the healing and restoration of the diseased organs by reason of their exceedingly mild action.  
NOTICE.—We have had repeated complaints that unscrupulous traders have tried to palm on their customers the wrong article. Insist on getting the genuine article, called the SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES. Take no other. See each box has Dr. W. Stoetzing's signature and our trade mark (two globes, cross, and crescent). Price is 1d., or for 15 stamps, of Sodden Mineral Produce Company, 10, Dyer's Buildings, Holborn, London, E.C.

# SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES.

## DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

INCONTESTABLY PROVED BY THIRTY YEARS' UNIVERSAL MEDICAL EXPERIENCE TO BE

THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, THE MOST DIGESTIBLE, AND

THE ONLY COD LIVER OIL WHICH PRODUCES ALL THE CURATIVE EFFECTS OF THE REMEDY IN

CONSUMPTION, DISORDERS OF THE CHEST AND THROAT, DEBILITY, AND WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

HENCE ITS IMMEASURABLE SUPERIORITY OVER EVERY OTHER PREPARATION OF COD LIVER OIL, EITHER SIMPLE OR COMPOUND.

### SELECTIONS FROM INNUMERABLE MEDICAL OPINIONS.

"The best of all the specimens of Oil which have ever come under my notice."—Sir JOHN T. BANKS, Bart., Physician to the Queen in Ireland.

"I am satisfied that for medicinal purposes no finer Oil can be procured."—Dr. PEREIRA, F.R.S., Author of "The Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics."

"A great advantage that there is one kind of Cod Liver Oil which is universally admitted to be genuine."—Dr. EDWARD SMITH, F.R.S., Medical Officer to the Poor Law Board.

"A very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."—Sir HENRY MARSH, Bart., late Physician to the Queen in Ireland.

"Contains the whole of the active ingredients of the remedy, and is easily digested."—Dr. PROSSER JAMES, Lecturer on Materia Medica, London Hospital.

"Has the rare excellence of being well borne and assimilated by stomachs which reject the ordinary Oils."—Dr. SHEPPARD, Professor of Psychological Medicine, King's College.

"In Tubercular Disease, possesses greater therapeutic efficacy than any other Cod Liver Oil."—Dr. SINCLAIR COGHILL, Physician, Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor.

"I have habitually prescribed it in cases of Pulmonary Consumption, with very beneficial results."—Dr. NEDLEY, Physician to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

"Very useful in cases of Chronic Cough and especially in Laryngeal Disease complicated with Consumption."—Dr. HUNTER SEMPLE, Physician, Hospital for Diseases of the Throat.

"Its value as a therapeutic agent in a number of diseases, chiefly of an exhaustive character, has been admitted by the world of medicine."—Sir G. DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., Physician to the Westminster Hospital.

"In all debilitated states of the system, places in every one's reach a reliable and valuable remedy."—J. J. POIR, Esq., M.R.C.S., late Staff Surgeon, Army, India.

"I consider it a valuable remedy, especially in the Wasting Diseases of Children."—L. SAUNDERS, C.B., late Deputy-Inspector-General, Army Hospital.

Sold ONLY in Capsuled Imperial Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; by all Chemists. CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PRETENDED SUBSTITUTES.

Sole Consignees—ANSAR, HARFORD, and CO., 210, High Holborn, London, W.C.



# Pears' Soap.

PEARS' SOAP

TESTIMONIAL FROM Madame Adelina Patti.  
"I have found it matchless for the hands"  
"and complexion."

TESTIMONIAL FROM Mrs. Langtry.  
"I have much pleasure in stating that I have used"  
"your Soap for some time and prefer it to any other."

TESTIMONIAL FROM Madame Marie Roze Mapleson.  
"For preserving the complexion keeping"  
"the skin soft, free from redness and"  
"roughness, and the hands in nice"  
"condition it is the finest Soap in"  
"the world."

THE TESTIMONY OF THE NIGHTINGALE THE LILY AND THE ROSE

REGD COPYRIGHT

## Good Complexion! AND Nice Hands!

NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz.: the Composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

A most Eminent Authority on the Skin,

**Professor Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.,**

Writes in the JOURNAL OF CUTANEOUS MEDICINE:—

"THE use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the Skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. PEARS is a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and PEARS' Transparent SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the Skin."

TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured. Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

Testimonial from

**Madame Adelina Patti.**

"I HAVE found PEARS' SOAP matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

*Adelina Patti.*

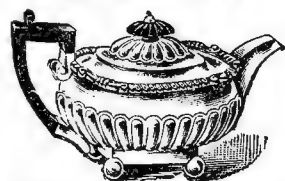
PEARS' Transparent SOAP.

TABLETS & BALLS:

1s. each. Larger Sizes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.  
(The 2s. 6d. Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses.)  
A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d.

PEARS' Transparent SOAP.

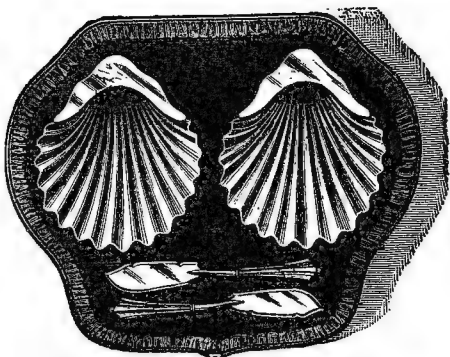
## MAPPIN & WEBB'S



Massive Solid Silver Antique Fluted Teapot, £16 15s. Tea and Coffee Service complete, £42 10s.



Two Sterling Silver Salt Cellars, Spoons, and Muffineer, in Morocco Case, £2.



Two Sterling Silver Escallop Butter Shells and Knives to Match. In Morocco Case, £4 15s. One Shell and Knife in Case, £2 10s.



Regd. Scuttle Sugar Basin. Solid Silver, £5 5s. Best Electro, £5 5s.



Butter Knife with Ivory Handle. In Best Morocco Case. Sterling Silver, 14s. Electro Silver, 11s. Engraved Blade, 8s.



Chased Solid Silver Hair Brushes, £2 10s. each. Mirror to match £3 5s.



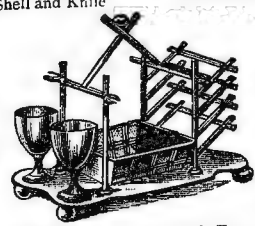
Cat-Glass Inkstand, Solid Silver Mounts, 1 Pen Rests, richly chased. Onyx Base, £6 15s.



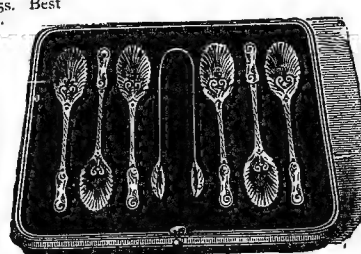
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### Personally Conducted

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AST WEEK, in my opening article under this head, I transgressed the rules of common politeness, and, passing over the ladies, introduced the male visitors first to the House.

I propose to devote the greater part

of this Supplement to matters chiefly interesting to lady visitors; and in doing so, it is fitting I should here state that, although the nominal author of this part of my article, in reality I have done little more than edit the experiences of certain ladies who have generously placed their time and knowledge at my disposal, but do not permit me the honour of tendering my thanks publicly to them by name.

To these anonymous contributors, then, I have the greatest pleasure in protesting my indebtedness, and in dedicating to them all I can call my own, namely, the sketches with which I have illustrated their notes.

Lest I should be understood to mean that my drawings have been done from description only, I must explain that all those involving architectural and other detail were obtained by special favour whilst the House was not sitting.

As in the case of male Strangers, I have thought it necessary to provide the ladies with some general directions, which serve as a guide to any one entering the Houses of Parliament for the first time. These directions will be found to be given in a somewhat desultory way, and I have endeavoured to render them as little wearisome as possible; and, if by this means I should be happy enough to save but one fair Stranger from the chagrin of losing the opportunity of a good place in the Gallery for an interesting debate, I shall not have lived in vain. Or if, by pointing out the rules in force, I should happen to rescue an innocent from the humiliation of being called to order, until increased experience comes to her aid and teaches her how far she may transgress and be happy, then the crown of fulfilment will have rewarded my efforts, and the limbo of forgotten scribes will have no terrors.

Many important alterations have recently been made in the regulations affecting the admission of ladies to the House. Astounding as the statement may seem, the custom has been, until a very short time ago, that ladies were permitted to crowd round a door leading to their Gallery exactly as if they were at the pit of a theatre, and when the doors were opened, there ensued a free scramble to get in, and, once in, for the best seats. The result of this may well be imagined, the lady who showed herself best entitled to that name was sure to get a back seat, and those better endowed with physical vigour than feminine courtesy were able to

secure the foremost places, even when they had but just arrived, whilst others perhaps had been waiting for hours.

### SCENES

"BUT," says the unsophisticated reader, "surely this is an exaggeration. Even if the officials were unwise enough to allow this confusion to occur, the ladies would, for their own sakes, naturally take their turn, and would never descend to such unladylike scenes." A natural conclusion, and doubtless more gallant than my statement of the fact; but that conclusion is only really natural in consideration of our having so little experience of crowds composed entirely of members of the "gentler" sex. But here I feel I am on dangerous ground; did I relate drily one-half of the actual truth concerning the daily scene enacted at the entrance to the Ladies' Gallery during the time before the present rules came into force, should I "speak of matters as they really are," or were at the time I refer to, I should expect to see the next east wind heavy with the fragments of this paper torn into a thousand atoms by angry readers. Without entering into details, it is notorious that, under the old system, the officials, unaided by any definite regulations, were utterly powerless to prevent the utmost confusion, and scenes of the most undignified kind. Even under the present rules, which we shall presently describe, although a certain order of entering is rigidly adhered to, ladies not unfrequently arrive late and endeavour to over-ride the usual order of things; but in Mr. Wilson, the chief of this department, the country is happy in possessing the right man in the right place. This official's position is surely one of the most delicate, and his duties the most difficult which ever fell to the lot of mortal man.

It may here be further said that among the whole of the staff of the

House, without exception, policemen, as well as officials and attendants, there obtains a custom of observing, to the very utmost possible limits, on every occasion and in every case, that degree of attention to ladies which were better described as kindness than by the colder term of courtesy. A lady need not fear that in going to the House she will be made to feel like an interloper and a stranger, for, although undoubtedly she is technically a stranger, from the moment she is within the precincts of the House she is made to feel that she is among friends—not, be it understood, that



A QUIET LITTLE DINNER

there is the slightest air of familiarity in the attentions she receives, but rather the effect is that she is an expected guest on whom every care is to be bestowed, and whose slightest request every one is eager to receive.

The regulations, notwithstanding, are accurate and strictly observed; so let not any lady infer from what I say, that I wish her to think that in the National House of Legislature she has but to speak to be obeyed.

The rules are made for her benefit, and it is to her in-



terest to conform to them, as a Queen must uphold her country's laws.

### THE WAY IN

I WILL now describe, as briefly as possible, the mode by which a lady finds her way into the Gallery of the House. The manner of obtaining orders I have already dealt with. I am supposing now that the lady visitor has a Member's order for the day. No form or ticket is issued to the fair Stranger, or rather *Strangers*, for seats in the Ladies' Gallery are obtained by twos always.

Entering the New Palace Yard, the lady is accosted by the policeman at the outer gates, who asks her business, and seems instinctively to distinguish between the person who thinks to stroll in without any special business (who is, of course, not allowed to do so) and the genuine holder of orders for the Ladies' Gallery. Crossing the Yard another policeman, huge in bulk and suave in speech, walks up and propounds both question and answer, with an interrogative, "Ladies' Gallery?" And, if he does not recognise a regular frequenter, he indicates a door in the corner of the Yard as the entrance to be sought.

I have said, "if the police do not recognise a regular frequenter," not to imply any uncertainty in the official mind; for, if you are not recognised, then for certain you are an absolute stranger here. The vigilance of the police, and their intelligence and astuteness, is observable in the precincts of the Houses of Parliament to a degree which makes them a very interesting study; and the perfect system by which they are regulated is no less remarkable.

Let a lady endeavour to find a place within the outer gates—under an archway, in a corridor, on the Terrace, anywhere where she is not under the direct observation of a policeman, and she will find that she is attempting an impossibility. And yet their presence



ALONE

is never obtrusive, nor does it detract from the sense of freedom felt by the visitor who desires to do nothing contrary to rules.

### THE DUNGEON

LADIES enter by the door in the Speaker's Court. There they have to give the name of their Member, that is, of course, the Member who has obtained the seats. As they have no form or ticket they are shown into a waiting room, which, if the truth must be told, is hardly as attractive as it might be; it is dark and small, and more suggestive of a prison than a palace. The visitors wait while their Members' names are sent up to be verified by the Gallery list. Sometimes it happens that visitors come on the wrong day, and this being found out by reference to the list, they have no choice but to withdraw, and come again on the day for which the Member has secured seats, provided it be not past. All being in form, however, the first comers receive two ivory discs, bearing numbers one and two, and so on, each pair as they arrive receiving the numbers consecutively. These numbers do not refer to certain seats, but to the order in which the ladies are entitled to enter the Gallery; for, having gained entrance there, they can select which places they please among those unoccupied at the moment they are admitted.

After receiving their passes, ladies remain in the Waiting Room. When, as is the present rule, the House sits at three o'clock, ladies must assemble in the Waiting Room before twenty minutes to three, at which time they are conducted to the Gallery. Here, as the door is opened, it occasionally happens that the wife of a Member—perhaps of a recently-elected M.P., or perhaps recently married—unlearned in the existing regulations, and fully convinced that, as the better half of a legislator, she has rights and privileges

which cannot possibly belong to the common herd, endeavours without ceremony to take precedence of every one else, and enter the Gallery in defiance of law and order. And here Mr. Wilson's trials commence. Apologetically he bars the door.

"Your number, madam?"

"I have no number! Do you not know who I am?"

"I do, madam; but I am sorry you cannot pass."

Conscious of the odds in her favour for the instant, perhaps the lady allows herself to force the ineffectual barrier, and enters the Gallery and secures a seat. She has reckoned without her host, however, for nothing will cause the official to swerve from his duty; and she is requested to leave the Gallery until the proper occupiers have found seats; when, if there be a vacancy, and the necessary formality be gone through, she may be happy in a back seat. Often the fair one is determined, and, as a last resort, the final argument is essayed—namely, that she must remove or be removed. And this settles the matter, which is to be regretted; for, if only the ladies could all have their own way in this world, and never be thwarted, then were the Millennium near at hand. But it is not; hence these tears.

### CAGED

BUT we are now in the Ladies' Gallery, and I am called upon to give some idea of what first strikes the feminine mind on entering these sacred shades. To do this I must draw directly—as throughout this article, indeed, I have done more or less—from the fund of information supplied to me by the many ladies who have so kindly furnished me with their experiences. One lady has told me that her first feeling was that she was like a bird in a cage—only "more so," since her fine feathers were useless, as there was no opportunity to display them to an admiring "house;" and, further, she must have recollected that the caged songster can at least exercise his sweet voice unrestrained, and this dear privilege of the weaker sex is not permitted by the Rules of the House of Commons, and is, I need scarcely say, by far the most frequent cause of an official protest from other parts of the House.

A somewhat similar first impression, I fancy, was that of the venerable Mrs. Keeley, who, when first introduced to the Ladies' Gallery, quite recently, exclaimed, "Oh, my dear! I feel just as if I were in a harem!"

But I am not sure that this will convey an accurate picture to every mind.

Certainly the "gridiron" which fills the spaces in the stone screen in front of the Gallery goes far to suggest a balcony in some Eastern palace. Possibly it was not this to which the dear old lady referred. My experience of "harems" is limited. To an every-day mind neither given to exercising the wings of fancy nor the Oriental luxury of suggestive metaphor, this is a small Gallery, containing thirty-four chairs, in three rows. These, of course, rise in steps towards the back; and there is an iron bar or handrail in front of each row to prevent the fair occupants from tumbling over one another.

I have said there are three rows of seats; but, as far as seeing and hearing go, there might as well be only one. From the front, sitting against the screen, as much can be seen and heard of the proceedings in the House as from any other position. Rising just at the back of, and well above, the Press Gallery, you are over the Speaker's Chair, and this august functionary is the only person who, when in the House, can claim shelter from the critical scrutiny of the exalted fair, for above the Speaker is a sounding-board, and this alone prevents the Peris from numbering the hairs of his head. The Ministerial and Leading Opposition Benches are clearly visible; and, as they are nearest to us, much that is officially important reaches this Gallery which Strangers of the sterner sex at the other end of the hall may hear less easily, or not at all. From the second row the House is only visible from the Gangway to the door, and in equal ratio about half of what is audible from the front is heard in the second row; and, in correspondingly diminishing perspective, the back row represents the "vanishing point" of both sight and sound.

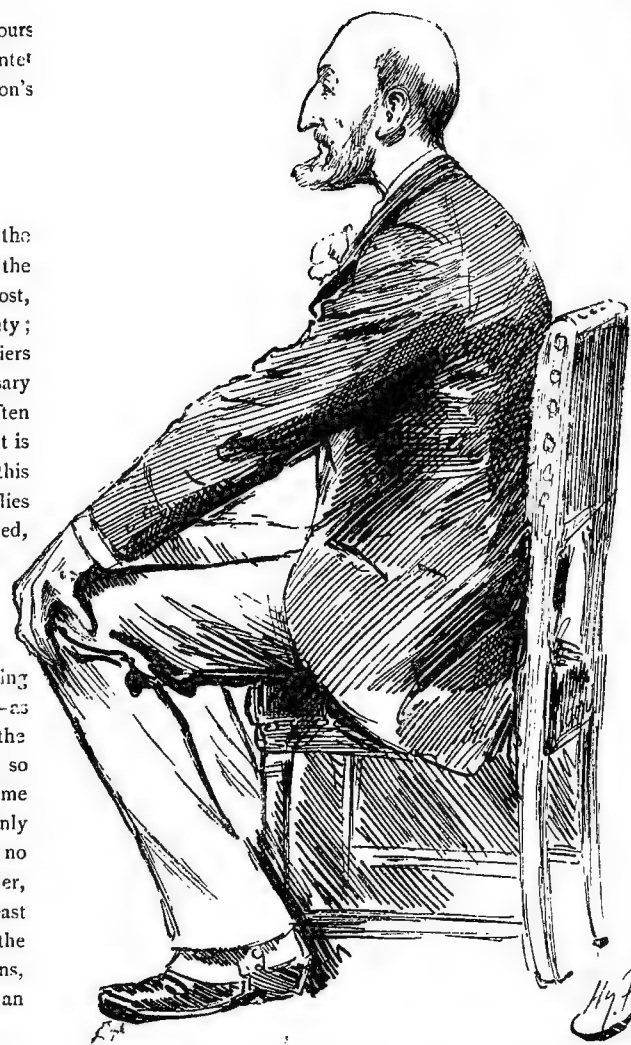
### FLIRTATION

IN times past there was consolation in the back row. Members used often to run up and chat with their friends in the Gallery, and the back row became the recognised flirting place of the House, especially patronised by certain belles from the Emerald Isle, and a crowd of the younger Irish Members. Strange to say, there appear to have been some unhappy persons for whom their country's political progress had more attractions than Erin's fairest daughters, and who preferred hearing the words of some of England's first orators to having their ears assailed with a continuous fire of choice melodious gibberish. Consequently we have to sing—with Byron, mourning the "dying glory" of Venice—

And music meets not always now the ear,  
Those days are gone, but Beauty still is here.

Plainly, Members may now only come to the door of the Gallery, and send in any message for the lady they may wish to speak to.

Concerning the screen in front of the Gallery, ladies coming hither



THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS BEFORE THE COMMITTEE

for the first time usually determine that it shall be abolished forthwith. A very brief experience shows, however, that it is almost an unmixed blessing; for, while it does not seriously affect the view from the Gallery, it almost entirely hides its occupants from the eyes of the House, and behind its welcome shelter ladies can sit at their ease utterly regardless of effect, and this after some hours of sitting is no small consideration.

### WOLVES

The Press Gallery and the Ladies' are in close contiguity. Need it be said that war rages? The pressmen declare that the ladies, by their chattering and moving about, prevent their hearing much that passes in the House. The ladies retort that this is a repetition of the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb: that the wolves being nearer the source, the stream (of eloquence) flows from them to the Ladies—Lambs, and that therefore it is impossible that they should interfere with the reporters' enjoyment, but that, on the contrary, these wolves of the quill cause them the greatest inconvenience with their stupid running in and out and asking one another riddles and such-like simple ways, so they ought to be done away with altogether, if not impeached before the Bar of the House.

Whatever be the rights of this "pretty quarrel," certain it is that in these Galleries the wonderful acoustic properties of the House are very noticeable. The lady to whom I am indebted for a very great deal of my information was in the House one evening when she and her companion were the only occupants of the Gallery. The business was uninteresting, and they commenced to converse in a low tone. Very soon a message came up that the clerks at the table could hear every word they were saying! So, ladies, be warned! Talk you must; but when in the House of Commons take a lesson from the orators below, and murmur only in diplomatic phrase such as you would have your dearest friend repeat.

One of the great advantages enjoyed by the ladies, which is entirely lost by the Strangers at the other end of the House, is that they command a full view of the doors. These swing doors by



FLIRTATION





Between the acts.

which Members enter the House are, as Uncle Sam would say, about the swingest doors in creation. From the moment the House sits, until the rising up of the same, they are never still. Members frequently come in and survey the Chamber from below the bar, hear what is going on, and either depart or take their seats; or more often still, stand for some time listening or chattering, waiting on the progress of business to decide them to go or remain. Another boon, singular to this favoured few, is in the information conveyed to them by the attendant, who enters the Gallery as each new speaker rises, and says in a voice audible to all, "That is Mr. So-and-So, the Member for Such-and-Such, who is now speaking," so that the ladies always know who the Member is to whom they are listening.

I am reminded of the tribute paid by the ladies to Mr. Wilson's discretion in the matter of meals. He will come and point out the desirability of having your tea before you are too tired, while the House is dull, or while there are any muffins left. If the sitting will be a late one, he will recommend a little meat, and tell you whether the pressed beef or the ham be the more especially delicious to-day. Instinctively he will know if you are attempting to go home hungry, and insist upon ordering something you are sure to enjoy. Should you want your tea ordered at an inopportune moment, most gently this official will remind you that "Mr. So-and-So will reply," and hear whether you will forego the hon. gentleman's reply, or defer your tea.

## TEA

WHEN ladies leave the gallery for tea, there is no need for them to fear lest they should lose their seats. Whatever place may be occupied by them at the commencement of the sitting is theirs to the end. On this point I will quote the authority of the Serjeant-at-Arms, as given in his evidence before the Committee before mentioned. The Ladies' Gallery, be it understood, is entirely under the control of the Serjeant-at-Arms.

The evidence runs thus: "Places are kept during a sitting for ladies for whom Members have got orders; but if any ladies leave the Gallery, and a Member applies for the place, I give an order if am told by the messengers that the ladies have left and are not

coming back. But after half-past ten Members may take any ladies up to the Gallery if there is room, and write their names in the book, and they are admitted."

Mr. Plunket asked: "I suppose the attendant asks the lady, when she goes away, whether she intends to return or not."

The Serjeant: "That is so."

Very often, when a lady leaves a seat in the front row, a less fortunate person will occupy the vacant place, and temporarily enjoy an improved view of proceedings below; but, when the rightful owner returns, she must at once surrender possession, however long the other may have been absent.

It may be well to remind ladies that they cannot pass beyond the precincts of the House and still retain the right to their seats; nor, indeed, will they even be allowed to re-enter the House at all. Hence the feeling of isolation which I am told weighs upon the spirits of all who enter here. Once admitted, there is no possible means of communication with the outer world, nor even with your friends within the House, unless by pre-arrangement. Were this otherwise, I fail to see of what value the privilege would be; but, as it is against the rules, Eve sighs and sines, even if the "apple" be nothing more than a cup of coffee over at the aerated bread shop.

The arrangements for ladies to have a comfortable meal are very well carried out. Just across the Corridor, behind the Gallery, is a room with separate tables, which I have sketched as the Ladies' Tea Room. You are not expected to dine here; but you can have anything you like sent up, and make a substantial meal if you be so inclined. Everything served here is excellent of its kind, and the charges are very moderate indeed. When there is nothing of exceptional interest going on, ladies who do not intend to leave the House can dine in the Strangers' Dining Room on the ground-floor, where, of course, they must be accompanied by a Member.

I have never been able to discover how certain Members, whose wives or lady friends are frequently in the Ladies' Gallery, get to know exactly the moment their fair charges will wish to dine. Truly, I have seen them glancing uneasily from time to time in their direction; but surely the eye, however expressive and sympathetic, cannot convey the barest "yes" or "no" at that distance and through that screen.

## SIGNALLING

Signalling is strictly prohibited, and should any young lady, during a sitting, wishing to attract the eye of a member, wave her handkerchief, or venture on any such feminine telegraphy, the Serjeant-at-Arms soon sends up a polite protest, and the demonstrative damsel is told that she is acting against the rules. Still, the use of handkerchiefs cannot be wholly forbidden, and I am beginning to



SIGNALLING

think that a cautious manipulation of this "harmless necessary" article may be made to express a good deal. Ladies must not, however, infer from this chance observation that the Rules of the House relating to Strangers are by any means conspicuous for that pleasant elasticity which characterises most human regulations when the gentler sex is concerned.



The Ladies' Tea Room I have sketched. Concerning the fair dames and demoiselles who are its most frequent occupants, I have been favoured with a bewildering amount of information. Conversations, both typical and actual, I have, almost *verbatim*, by dozens; but, for all this, my pen hesitates. Flatteringly I turn from one good thing to another. How is it? Somehow, in every pretty story I think to tell and enchant my readers—somehow there seems something—and I say, "No, I can't tell that: some one would not like it."

No; I am afraid the memories of the Ladies' Tea Room of to-day must wait another century to mellow; for I blush to say that, of all the charming "copy," I cannot find even one where the spice of scandal is not the chiefest charm, and—well, I have promised my Editor to be discreet; and so—to tea.

One trembles to think what another "Star Chamber" this snuggerly may become, should this tidal wave of feminine influence, which we now see sweeping over the ocean of politics, bear down the opposition which confronts it, overwhelm and destroy the feeble walls with which man has marked the crooked coast-line of his narrow kingdom; and we wake up one fine morning to find that the "political geography" of to-day is no more.

For the present they content themselves, these fair and servile politicians, with determining that *when* they have to form a Parliament, the dull and colourless proceedings which they have just witnessed will be a thing of the past, the day of action will "arrive," and volumes of fruitless and frivolous talk will no longer consume the country's precious time.

Here I may be allowed to introduce the sketch, "Between the Acts." One third of the Ladies' Gallery, from the right-hand, is divided off. This is Mrs. Peel's Private Gallery, and is reserved exclusively for the Speaker's friends. Behind this Gallery is the small room I have sketched—a sort of boudoir; a table, a few chairs, a good-sized lamp, and last, but by no means least, a looking-glass, constitute the sole furniture of this sanctum. Here certain ladies, notably Mrs. Gladstone, often come to enjoy a chat, or write letters, and wait for their husbands to go home, after the Sitting is over.

Towards eight o'clock the House usually adjourns for "tea." There is only a short interval, during which proceedings are entirely suspended; but after the Speaker has again taken his seat matters are mostly just kept alive by a few Members, while many are dining.

I have mentioned that Members take ladies to dine in the Strangers' Dining Room. As the lady visitors are escorted down to dinner they may possibly get a peep—just a peep and no more—into the Library, and perhaps the Members' Tea Room. Formerly they could walk through the Library, but this was not found to favour quiet study, so it is now stopped.

In a later "Supplement" I shall deal more fully with this part of "life in the House." Parties dine at separate tables, and thus enjoy a freedom in discussing matters political which would be banished from the *table d'hôte*.



THE LADIES' TEA ROOM



A PRIVILEGED PEEP

Only the initiated know of a new and pleasant innovation in the matter of dining. There is a small room on the ground-floor, near to the Strangers' Dining Room, where, by special grace, the favoured can enjoy a quiet little dinner.

#### "WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE"

HERE, among others, may be observed frequently the genial Member for Stoke, Mr. Woodall, possibly entertaining Mrs. Ashton Dilke, Mrs. Charles Maclaren, and either Mr. Maclaren, or some other Member, who sympathises with Women's Suffrage, or the writer of this—who does not, and who aggravatingly portrays the typical female-figure to symbolise Women's Suffrage as a "Blue-Stocking," with masculine features, and generally unprepossessing appearance. Quite the reverse, let me hasten to say, are the ladies' whose names I have mentioned; and here I am condemned again to "explain my explanation," by desiring the reader not to suppose that the ladies represented in my sketch are in any degree portraits; in fact, throughout this article, I have avoided, for obvious reasons, presenting a portrait of any lady whatever. With my own sex it is different, and an article on the subject I am treating could not be illustrated without introducing at least some of the known actors in the daily drama.

I will not enter an apology for the caricaturist's many enormities; but, with regard to the case in point, he must have a general type for a general question, and if he should think, with Lady Magnus, that it is not a woman's mission to dabble in extreme politics, he will probably depict the allegorical "Women's Suffrage" in some such way as I have named above,

#### STRANGERS' SMOKING ROOM

CLOSE to the Dining Room is another apartment, of which naturally the ladies see but little. They may, however, obtain a glimpse as they pass of the Strangers' Smoking Room. This somewhat comfortless room is situated on the ground-floor of the building, its windows looking on the Terrace and the River; a door also giving direct on to the Terrace, so that Members and their friends can enjoy a stroll in the open air, without threading leagues of tortuous passages to reach the exit.

Contrasted with the Members' Private Smoking Room, on the floor above, the Strangers' Smoking Room shows a plentiful lack of cosiness. But for the fact that it is, undoubtedly, well-lighted, at



A WHISPER IN THE LADIES' GALLERY





CORNER IN LADIES' GALLERY

least during the day, this room would be almost sepulchral, with its chilling tiles and its naked columns, graceful and majestic, no doubt, but much more suggestive of the devotional severity of a Cathedral than the homely comfort of a morning lounge. Easy chairs there are, it is true, but although "beet-wood" is doubtless an excellent invention, it does not greatly make for an impression of snugness or luxury in a room otherwise severe and depressing.

There is, however, here no space, were it not foreign to my intention, to enter into a learned architectural description, or an "interviewer's" catalogue of furniture and fittings. Let us pass on to the human ornaments which, with more or less grace and consistency, adorn this majestic chamber.

Hither in the earliest hours of the day come many of the Irish Members, who evidently regard the Houses of Parliament as by preference their club. Here, over their glasses of "Irish cold," they read their letters, study the morning papers, and discuss, in melting tones, the topics which to them are most absorbing.

My sketch was made late in the afternoon. On the right is seated Mr. Gosset, the Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms, who has strolled in to have a cigarette and a glance at the evening paper, before relieving guard in the House.

On the left, Mr. Labouchere (I have permitted myself the lesser liberty of a back view) is earnestly administering consolation to one of his Irish friends, the "dejected haviour" of whose visage plainly denotes the depth of his present grievance. Beyond this group, Mr. Woodall, in an attitude of content, talks Bohemianism to a friendly member of the "Savage." Reclining in a graceful, and possibly also an easy posture, I have depicted one of the indefatigable Whips in his moment of rest, apparently absorbing a stock of warmth to last through an all-night sitting. To the right again, beyond Mr. Gosset, another Irish Member warmly debates some knotty point with a prominent constituent; whilst an ex-Member (a heartless Saxon, he) sits by, taking chiefly the part of a listener, making notes, probably in view of getting in again on Home Rule.

In this room may often be seen, late in the evening, Mr. "Tay

Pay" O'Connor, very busy with his amanuensis, dictating letters and instructions without end. It is here also that, when the Irish Members are lingering overlong at their native "comfort," Mr. Biggar, whose tribute to the "creature" has of late fallen into arrears, may frequently be observed, acting the "good nurse" to the Party, and bidding them quit their lower pleasures at their country's call.

It may be remarked here that Mr. Gladstone has only once been known to enter this "Strangers' Smoking-Room." This was on the occasion when, at Mr. Labouchere's request, the Grand Old Man came hither to witness an exhibition of "thought-reading!"

#### "PERSONALLY CONDUCTED"

To an artistic eye, it is a relief to see lovely women flit across the Lobby through the crowd of unpicturesque politicians, "personally conducted" by Sir Richard Temple or some gallant Member, not unfrequently from the "Emerald Isle." Business, in some cases the object of their visit; the Member for Stoke, for instance, has something of importance to hear from the lips of some champion of the great cause (one of our friends of the dinner-table, perchance), or a philanthropic Member has something to learn from the lady who works with him for the good of others. The ladies of the Primrose League, and those ladies whose political opinions are of another colour have, of late years, been well to the fore, and, as a matter of course, they compose an important section of the lady visitors to the House.

When any special excitement is in the Lords, then the Peeresses may stroll through the Lobbies of the Lower House and add an unusual glitter to the usually dull scene. Here for once the costly silks of nobility rustle against the homely stuff of the wife of the "horny-handed Son of Toil." Sometimes a flutter of excitement is caused in the Lobby by the visit of a well-known actress, who seems fond of comparing our workshop, as Lord Salisbury called the House, with the Congress of the United States of America.

#### COALS

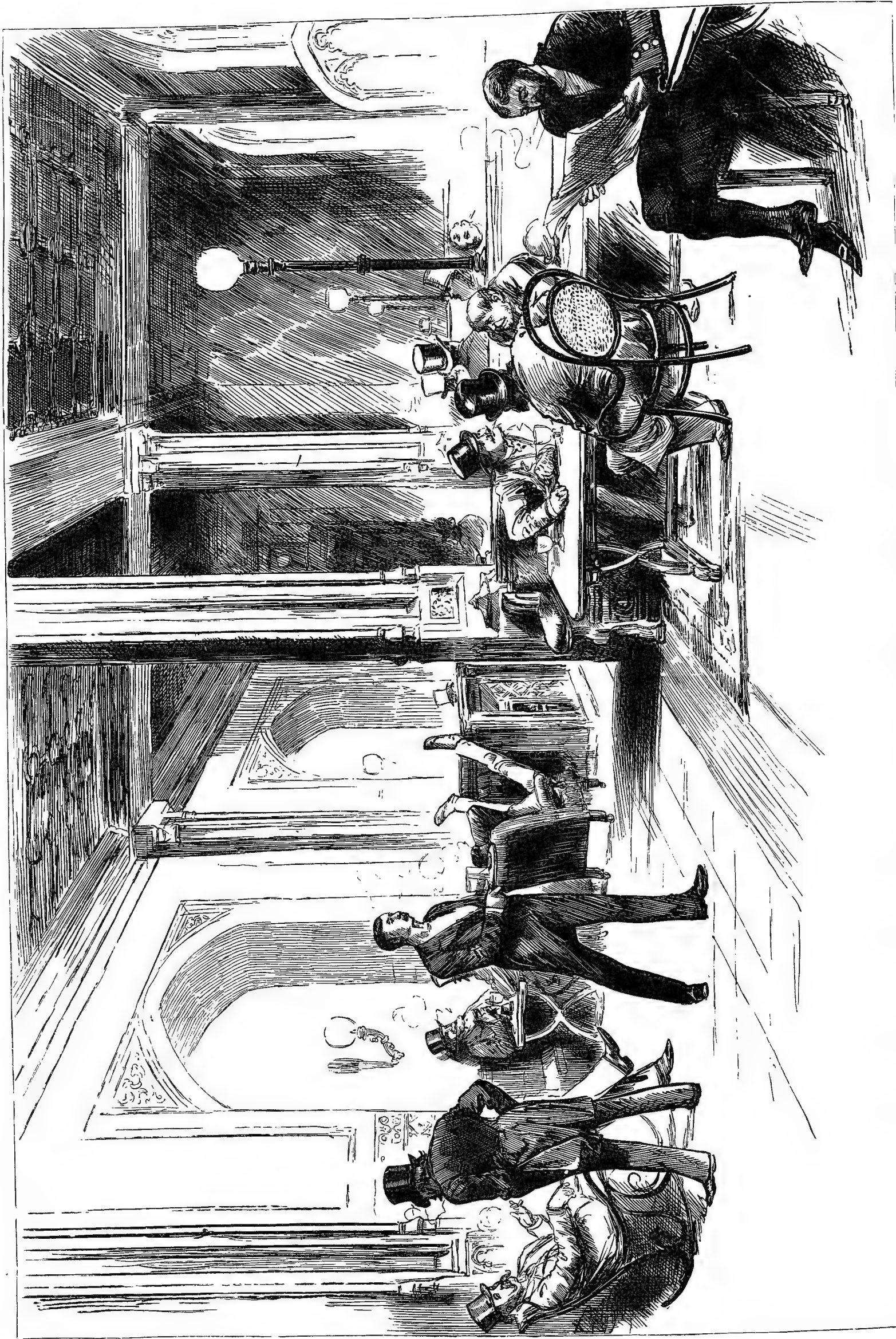
LADIES are much more ardent politicians than is generally

supposed. Frequently, I am told, they will sit upon the windy stairs leading to their Gallery, waiting for hours to get a chance to get in—not a very pleasant waiting-place either—for, besides the ladies, the coals reach the upper regions by this staircase. Strange



AGAINST THE RULES





THE STRANGERS' SMOKING ROOM





WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

conjunction of ideas this, but, to the official mind, there would seem to be some occult relationship; for the Serjeant-at-Arms, in his evidence before the Committee, stated that no one entered the House by the New Palace Yard entrance (besides the ladies) except coke and coals. Possibly the coal-man is not so black as he is painted, to be worthy of such exaltation.

The eye of the caricaturist may brighten at the sight of Sir Richard Temple as he personally conducts Beauty over the House, as he poses at the Bar, or gives a courtier's bow to the Speaker on entering or leaving the Debating Chamber; for it is in his devotion to the fair, and in his strenuous, perhaps successful, efforts to appear well in their sight, that "the real Sir Richard" is seen. To see him as a senator, as he sits nodding in his seat, few would think that this was the original of the majestic figure which Mr. Brock has so cleverly modelled for India.

### SIR RICHARD

STILL, notwithstanding the caricaturist, the sculptor, or the ladies, India has, and always will have, the greatest respect and admiration for Sir R. Temple, for his unceasing energy during the famine, and for his able management of their financial affairs. Here is a curious instance in demonstration of the truth that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country. Sir Richard, who managed the financial affairs of the great Indian Empire with success and *éclat*, has just been rejected for a similar position on the London School Board! It is, however, a well-known fact, though somewhat unaccountable, that of all the distinguished Anglo-Indian politicians and diplomatists who have occupied a seat in the British Parliament, not one has ever experienced any great measure of success or popularity.

In justice to Sir Richard, I must say that latterly, however, he has certainly been gaining ground, having made several speeches which warrant the conjecture that if an opportunity occurred he may yet hit the nail success on the head.

Male visitors have the advantage of seats directly at the back of the Cross Benches, and therefore in the House itself; whence they can survey the House from end to end, and side to side, without the slightest obstruction. Ladies have but one chance to survey the House in this way, and that a slender one; indeed, I don't if it be allowed by the authorities. By the door immediately opening into the House, there is a seat for an attendant. M.P.'s anxious to lodge their fair visitors with a ground view of the Legislative Chamber, hurry the lady to that seat at an opportune moment. Mounted upon this, she can peer through the upper part of the door; being in the dark, she is unseen by the Members. Her guide can then point out the chief features of the House and Members. She gets a back view of the M.P.'s figuring at the bar, can see the place where the bar is run out when any Member or other individual is ordered to appear before the Assembly sitting as a tribunal, and as the door by her side swings backwards and forwards, she has a closer view of those in whom the destinies of her country are committed.

### THE WHIPS

THE Whips are the most conspicuous, and are easily distinguished, as they are hatless. Lord Arthur Hill's handsome head and commanding figure and stride; the pious appearance of the principal Liberal Whip, Mr. Arnold Morley, "who is never known to smile;" the beaming, Sir-Frederick-Leighton-ish Mr. Cyril Flower; the business-like principal Conservative Whip, Mr. Akers Douglas, all come in for their share of our fair Visitors' attention, as they will all come in and out in a fretful manner, sometimes skipping up to the Leaders of the House to know what is to be done, and what "House" they require to keep.

The Hon. C. R. Spencer, familiarly called "Bobby Spencer," is sure to attract the ladies' attention as he trips in, neat and trim,

looking anything but a legislator, in high collars, the daintiest of boots, and the inevitable glove held in the left hand. As a contrast, the other Gladstonian Junior Whip—Mr. Summers—marches in, importance all over, sits down for a moment, glances around; up again, out; in at another door, squats on some other bench for a moment; then off again.

### COMPARISONS

I HAVE been much struck with one thing about the last few Parliaments, and that is the falling-off in the general tone of the Members, and in the more dignified and extra-polished tone of the officials. I suppose all will agree that the general tone of the Members returned to St. Stephen's is not what it used to be; and certainly no one will dispute the fact that a more dignified Speaker never filled the Chair. The late Serjeant-at-Arms, Captain Gossett, had a touch of the Bohemian; and this was most shown in the relaxation of his room, where many merry, jovial M.P.'s used to congregate.

But this is now a thing of the past. The present Serjeant-at-Arms is dignified to a degree, albeit excellent in every way. So it runs throughout the ranks of the officials.

The Whips are of a very different stamp now to what they used to be, particularly on the Gladstonian side. A certain well-known Member of that party told me he considered "the Whips 'ad too much 'air-oil about 'em," and declared they would never stop him from "goin' 'ome." The Opposition Whips are certainly pleasant, but not weighty enough for the rough material with which they have to deal.

Probably the gallant Member has explained all this to the Lady Visitor while she has occupied the attendant's corner, gazing, as I have shown her, like a Peri at the gate of Paradise, upon the solemn scene where she may not intrude. As she steps down, another and another take her place.

The dinner-hour is over, and I must re-conduct my guests to their Gallery. One of the things that strikes us on resuming our observations on the scene below is, that members who wish to pose for effect are best seen at the Bar; and much amusement is often caused by the vanity of some M.P.'s, who seize every opportunity to plead for the admiration of the fair. Indeed, a friendly hint has been dropped to me from the Ladies' Gallery to use this occasion to make a note of some of the Members for any sketches "in another place." Members ought not to forget that the opera-glasses in the Ladies' Gallery are searchingly upon them. The orchids in the button-holes of certain M.P.'s are admired and minutely discussed; a change of ties or breast-pins is noted; whiskers freshly dyed are detected; even letters written in the Reporters' Gallery are read—at least, a lady has informed me that a journalist she watched, when supposed to be reporting, was accepting an engagement to dinner. Mr. Lockwood sits behind Mr. Gladstone, and the ladies get a birdseye view of his caricatures in progress. One in particular was the cause of much amusement, not only to the ladies, but to the Members. My lady informant related the incident to me thus:—"I always watch Mr. Lockwood sketching, and I saw he had his eye on the burly figure of a friend of mine sitting on the Ministerial Bench. Mr. Gladstone turned round to say something to him, and his quick eye detected Mr. Lockwood sketching. The artistic Q.C. handed the sketch (which I saw was a caricature of late Lord Advocate) to Mr. Gladstone, who fairly doubled up with laughter, and handed it to those on either side of him. Eventually it was sent over to Mr. MacDonald, and he thoroughly enjoyed the caricature of himself, as did all his Tory friends. But we had seen it first!"

### A DIVISION

ONE of the most interesting scenes, and one which may be observed to advantage from the Ladies' Gallery, is a Division. An hon. member is speaking to some much-discussed point in the Bill before the House, when the Stranger will be surprised to hear cries of "'Vide! 'vide! 'vide!" from member after member on the opposite side of the House. Not very intelligible this at first. You begin to think something has happened; perhaps there is a spider advancing upon these disturbed gentlemen. Nothing, however, comes of the scare until the hon. gentleman speaking reaches his goal and resumes his seat. The Speaker then rises and "puts the question" in the usual way, then formally remarks, "I think the 'Ayes' have it." Hereupon a vigorous disclaimer comes from the "Noes;" and the Speaker issues the command, "Strangers withdraw!"

The attendants here fling open the doors, calling, "Division!" in stentorian tones. Instantly, electric bells are heard to ring all over the building. The Strangers who were seated below the Gallery have meantime been "rushed" out. Like a swarm of bees, the Members now crowd in at the door, coming from every part—Smoking Room, Reading Room, Dining Room, everywhere. The time-glass on the table having run down, the doors are closed,

often shutting out some Members who have arrived too late. The Speaker again puts the question.

"The 'Ayes' have it."

"The 'Noes!' the 'Noes!'"

"'Ayes' to the right; 'Noes' to the left. Tellers for the 'Ayes' (names); tellers for the 'Noes' (names)."

Obedient, the whole of the Members leave the Chamber, the "Ayes" at one end, the "Noes" at the other. The Serjeant-at-Arms, who is all in all during this ceremony, looks round the House to be sure that no Member remains, and forthwith locks the doors.

The room now presents a strange aspect. But a moment ago a scene of bustle and business; now empty and silent. The magician has another transformation to bring about, however, for he immediately unlocks the doors again, and the members commence slowly to re-enter the House, each by the opposite end to that by which he went out. When all have resumed their seats, after another

pause, the four tellers solemnly re-enter, and are greeted by the winning party with a cheer; for the result is known by the principal teller of the party in the majority being always placed on the right hand of the four gentlemen who now walk in, stately-wise, slowly up the floor of the House, bowing three times to the Speaker as they go. Pausing in front of the table, the right-hand teller reads from a paper in his hand the result of the division; which the Speaker formally announces to the House, and the Bill under discussion, or Clause of a Bill, passes or is rejected accordingly.

Sometimes the House rises unexpectedly, particularly when it is a private Members' night and late in the season, with a subject in debate which is not of moment to either party.

There is nothing more disappointing to the Stranger than this, and as this Supplement is particularly devoted to the Lady Strangers, I will append a page from the diary of an orator's daughter, of which I have kindly been permitted to avail myself.

"Papa was lucky in the ballot for seats in the Ladies' Gallery, and I had a capital place. He was to speak, and I came up to town specially to hear him, and to see the great House of Commons, and all the interesting people in it.

"I thought the Gallery delightful, and Mr. Wilson seeing I was a Stranger, told me who all the Members were. But I could not listen or follow anything; I was so excited to hear Papa. The House was very full now—to hear Papa's speech, no doubt.

"Presently I saw him come in. He had a lot of papers under one arm, and books under the other; in one hand he held his hat, full of papers, and in the other a glass of water. I watched him intently. He placed the glass of water, the books, papers and notes on the seat, and fixed his eye on the Speaker. Now and then he glanced up at me, and I smiled and nodded to encourage him, but I don't think he saw me, for he looked very pale and serious. He made notes nervously, and then crossed them out and rewrote them.

"When the Member speaking said, 'In conclusion, I wish to remark,'—poor Papa got very fidgety, and I knew he would knock over the glass of water. This he did, all over his papers which he tried to rescue, and then dropped them in confusion on the floor. Oh how I wished I was there to help him! When he got up, very red and confused, some other member had 'caught the Speaker's eye,' and poor Papa lost his chance.

"He had to sit for an hour and a half listening to the new speaker, and I know from what he read over and over again to me coming up in the train the speaker had hit upon some of his best points. Of course he could not follow a Member on his own side, so another long speech was made by one on the opposite benches. Then Papa got very agitated again, and leant forward watching the Speaker. Before the last word was out of the opposite member's mouth Papa jumped up, and my heart quite fluttered to hear the Speaker call upon him by name. No sooner had he commenced than, to my astonishment, nearly every Member got up and left the House, making such a noise. I could not hear dear Pa's opening sentences. I looked at the Press-men just under me, and found they were not listening or reporting the speech.

"One man said to another, 'Shall I take him?' (meaning Pa).

"'No,' said the other. 'I'm off; this means a "count out." Other reporters read the evening *Globe*, and wrote letters and chatted. Papa told me he had sent a copy to our local weekly paper; so I knew his speech would be read, despite the Press-men in the House. I wonder do editors know how badly they do their work.

"Papa had not been speaking half an hour, when a Member got up and said that forty Members were not present. Then some electric bells rang; but no Members came in, and after a few minutes the Speaker counted only fifteen present.

"This was a 'count out,' and every one went home."



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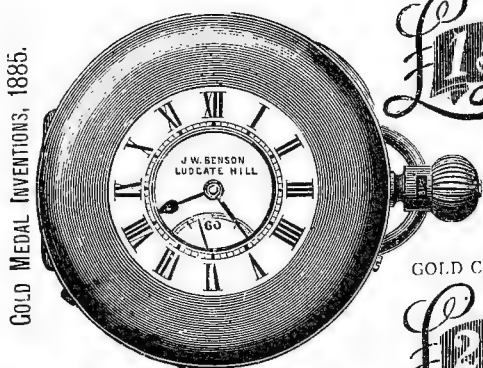
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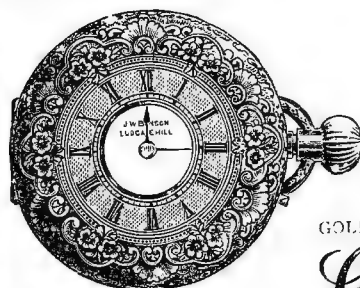
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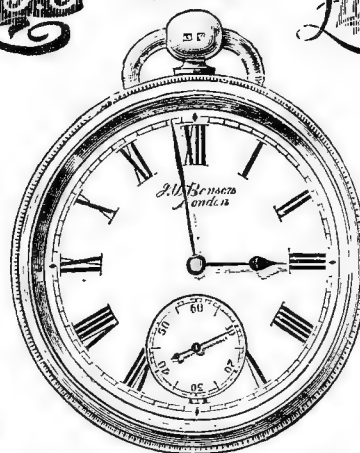
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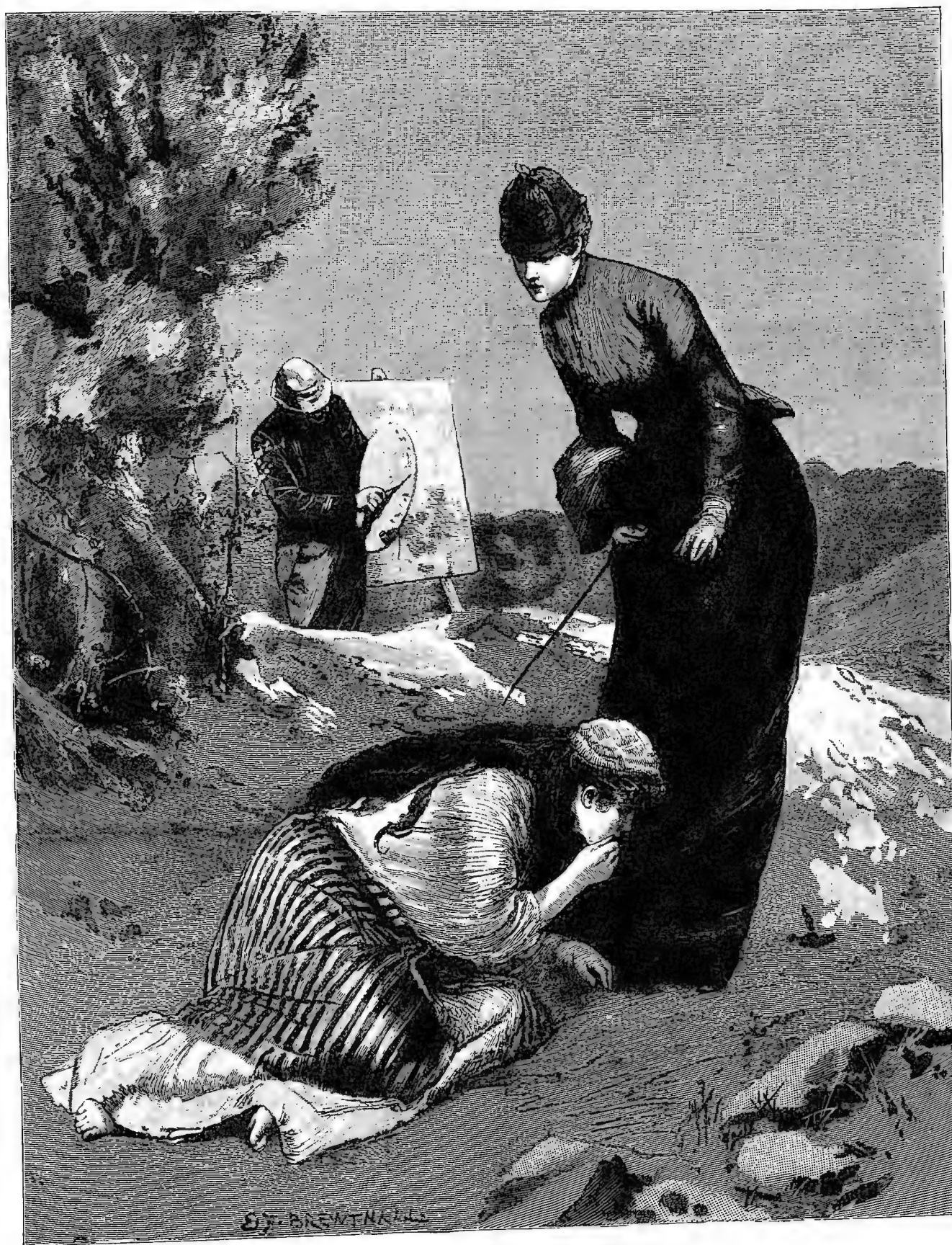
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With a flood of tears, the graceful wild thing cast herself passionately at Iris's feet

## "THE TENTS OF SHEM"

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### A STRANGE MEETING

A FEW days later, by the tent door at Beni-Merzoug village, Meriem sat conversing eagerly on the ground with Eustace Le Marchant.

"Well, I've read all the novels now, Eustace," she said, with a smile of profound satisfaction, "and I've learnt from them, oh, ever such a lot about England. I do like novels. I don't know how I ever got on without them. They're so full of queer facts; they tell ever about a life so different from our own; by talking so much one with Vernon and you, I think I'm beginning, at last, a little to realise it. But I want more books to read now—our Kabyle proverb says 'the kid only gives you an appetite for the goat'—and Vernon's got no more to give me."

"Why not try this?" Eustace suggested, with a smile, laying his hand on the painter's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics."

"No; not that," Meriem answered, without the faintest embarrassment. "I like those better when Vernon reads them to me. He makes them sound so much nicer than I can."

"How about mine, then?" Eustace went on, crest-fallen.

"I was looking over yours in the tent, yesterday, but I don't think I could understand them much. I took down this: 'The Prodomus to the Entomology of North Africa'—she'd got the long words quite pat now—but it's so full of queer names I don't

understand, and it's not very easy, and it isn't so interesting as 'A Princess of Thule.' I like 'A Princess of Thule' best of all, I think, and after that 'The Rise of Silas Lapham.' But there's one of your books I believe I could understand—one all about the 'Conversation of Energy.'"

"Conservation, Meriem," Le Marchant corrected, laughing. "My dear child, your education's really going on a great deal too fast if you think of tackling Balfour Stewart already."

"But I want to learn all I can," Meriem answered, earnestly, "in case—in case I should ever—be taken—to England."

"Meriem," Le Marchant said, with a very grave voice, "Vernon will never, never take you."

"Then why does he talk to me so beautifully, and read me such verses, and paint me so often?" Meriem answered, with tears rising quick to her big brown eyes. "I think, Eustace, he really likes me. And, perhaps, if only I could make myself fit for him—"

"Meriem!" the painter cried, at that critical moment, putting in his head at the flap of the tent, "I want you out here again, at once. I've just got an idea for a most charming picture."

Meriem brushed away a tear with the corner of her haik, unperceived, as she thought (though Eustace marked it), and went out, smiling, to the too-seductive Vernon.

"Look here," the painter said, over-trustful now of his own powers, "I've been sketching those girls laying out their clothes on the bank to dry, and I want you to stand in the foreground

here and let me fill you in, wringing out a haik, as my central figure."

Meriem knew no law but Vernon Blake's will. "Very well, Vernon," she answered, meekly, and posed herself as he wished her, in a simple and natural attitude, like a Greek statue.

"Why do you always paint *me* so much, and not the other girls?" she asked, after a pause, as he went on with his sketching.

"Why, your cousin Iris will be coming soon," Blake answered in explanation, altering slightly, with irreverent hands, the pose of one shapely arm and shoulder. "You're by far the prettiest girl in the place, and I want to make hay while the sun shines—to make the best of my opportunities before the great lady comes and takes my beautiful model away for ever."

"I'd rather stop here," Meriem murmured, slowly. She took his admiration, without surprise and without false shame, as a natural tribute.

"But she won't let you," Blake answered, with a laugh; "she'll carry you off bodily, and send you to college, like herself, at Cambridge."

"I should like that," Meriem said, brightening up; "for then I should be—wise—like any English woman."

"I wonder if you'll like her," Blake observed, carelessly. "She'll be an awful swell, I expect; six or seven thousand a year, at least, so Le Marchant tells me."

"Will she be dressed like Mme. l'Administratrice, do you think?"



Meriem asked, with a sigh. "High-heeled boots and a tall hat? For, if she is, I don't fancy I shall care for her."

"She will be, no doubt," Blake answered, going on with his sketch: "the mirror of fashion and the cream of society. And she won't say a sentence about anything on earth that either you or I can understand a word of."

As he spoke, the silence of the mountain-side was suddenly disturbed by a loud British voice exclaiming in mingled French and English, "Well, *nous voilà* at last, Madame; *c'est ici* Beni-Merzoug; and a jolly break-neck ride up these beastly hills we've had for it, too, haven't we, Iris?"

Meriem looked up, and beheld before her eyes a strange and, till that moment, unheard of apparition. Two European ladies, in riding-habits and hats, sat patting the smooth necks of their weary horses; while behind them, on a short, stout mountain pony, a short, stout gentleman, with a very red face, mopped his hot, moist brow with a large and still redder silk pocket-handkerchief. One of the ladies Meriem recognised at once as Madame l'Administratrice; the other she had never seen before, but she knew, of course, from the old gentleman's words, it was her cousin Iris.

"Now, my child," the stout gentleman remarked, disembarking with some difficulty from his precarious saddle—for he was no cavalier—"don't you come into the tent at all. Madame and I will see this man Le Marchant by ourselves at first, and find out how much he wants to get out of us."

Meriem could have answered, proudly and angrily, at once, so much did the unexpected imputation sting her; but Vernon Blake, anxious to see this little comedy played out in full to its natural close, and, foreseeing sport, held one warning finger up to his lip, and Meriem forthwith stood mute as a statue.

So Uncle Tom and Madame disappeared into the tent, and Iris, leaping lightly from her graceful Arab, which half a dozen Kabyle boys from the village, expectant of *sous*, volunteered with many salaams to hold for her, walked frankly up, with her habit in one hand and her whip in the other, to the embarrassed painter.

"We must introduce ourselves, I suppose," she said, with a sunny and delicious smile. "My name, as I suppose you will already have guessed, is Iris Knyvett; and you, no doubt, are one of Mr. Le Marchant's camping companions?"

"Your name," the painter answered, with a half-frightened bow, "all the world knows, even here in Kabylie. The very last thing I read in print, before leaving Algiers, was the leader in the *Times* on your achievement at Giron."

Meriem, posed opposite them in her attitude as model, could not fail to notice, with quick, womanly instinct, how far more deferential and courteous was his manner to the grand English lady than it had ever been to her poor Kabyle cousin.

"I'm afraid you have still the advantage of me," Iris said, with a glance at his beautiful sketch; "for you haven't yet given me your half of the introduction."

"My name, I fear, won't convey so much meaning to you," Blake replied, modestly; "as yours to me. It's Vernon Blake—by trade a painter."

"You mistake," Iris cried, with pleased surprise. "I know your work well. I've seen it at the galleries. You painted that beautiful little study of an Italian child in last year's Grosvenor."

To Meriem, who knew nothing of all these things, this talk was indeed gall and wormwood. It was cruel of Vernon to put her to such pain; but he had held up his finger to her, and, obedient to that sign, she still kept silence.

The painter's cheek flushed with pleasure. "I'm glad you liked it," he said, "and flattered that you remember it. This, too, will make a pretty little sketch. It's natural, isn't it?"

"It is. And your model's beautiful," Iris cried, enthusiastically. "What a charming figure! She reminds one of Nausicaa."

"Eh, . . . quite so," the painter responded, dropping his voice suddenly, with a dubious tone.

There was a moment's pause, during which curiosity and the natural desire to conceal his ignorance fought hard for mastery in Vernon Blake's mind: then he ventured, at last, to inquire with caution, "Er . . . who did you say my model reminded you of?"

"Nausicaa," Iris repeated in an "of course so" sort of tone. "You must know Nausicaa, I'm sure; in the *Odyssey*, you remember."

"I've never read the *Odyssey*," the painter said, shortly. "Ah, you took up the *Iliad* instead, I suppose," Iris went on, with gentle persistence. Blake allowed the rash conjecture to pass in silence unquestioned. That any one should have read no Homer at all seemed to her inconceivable. She knew more than her companion: so much was clear—and Meriem hated her for it.

"How extremely fair she is," Iris continued, observing the trembling Kabyle girl with critical eyes. "I'd no idea there were people in Africa anything like as European looking and Greek as she is. Genseric and his Vandals must have left a great deal of their blood, no doubt, stamped deep on the soil in Mauritania generally."

"No doubt," Vernon Blake assented, with caution above his years; though who the dickens Genseric might be, or what the Vandals were doing in Mauritania, wherever that was, he had no more notion than Meriem herself had.

"Her eyes are exquisite. You're lucky to get such a model as that," Iris went on, unconcerned. "But her feet are perhaps just a trifle—"

Meriem's honest nature could stand it no longer. "Vernon," she cried aloud, in an agony of blushes, disregarding the beck of his commanding finger, "it isn't right, you know; it isn't true to her; you shouldn't let her go on supposing in this way I don't understand English. . . . She might say something she didn't intend me to hear, you know, Vernon."

Iris drew back, thunderstruck, in a vague tumult of surprise. She recognised in a moment, of course, who the Kabyle girl was that could thus easily and idiomatically address the painter in his native English. But the shock was none the less instantaneous and electric. Never till that morning had it for one instant occurred to her that Uncle Clarence's daughter would not be dressed like an ordinary Christian—simply and even coarsely or poorly indeed, but still in the common and recognised garb of female Christendom. That this barefooted Kabyle girl, in haik and girdle, with her flowing hair and her Phrygian cap, was the cousin she had come so far to find, fairly took her breath away on the first blush of it.

For a minute they stood at gaze on one another from a safe distance, Iris with the curiosity of a stray visitor to the Zoo; Meriem with the terrified and startled look of a beautiful wild animal brought suddenly to bay. Then Iris slowly moved forward to greet her.

"You are my cousin Meriem!" she cried, with a flushed, hot face; and, even as she spoke, she took the beautiful girl's two hands in her own. Next instant, yielding to a sudden gracious impulse—for blood, after all, is thicker than water—she folded poor trembling Meriem to her bosom, and kissed her on both cheeks with impulsive affection.

In a second, Meriem's heart had burst with delight at the grand English lady's goodness and condescension. Those simply chosen words "my cousin Meriem,"—that one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, as she folded her to her bosom—had conquered at once the proud Kabyle reserve in Meriem's nature. With a flood of tears, the graceful wild thing cast herself passionately at Iris's feet, and, raising the hem of her riding-habit in her hand, kissed it fervently with her lips a dozen times over.

"Iris, Iris," she cried, "I love you! I love you! You might kill me now. I should love you for ever."

Iris raised her from the ground, with a startled face, half-terrified at this unexpected outburst of feminine emotion.

"Meriem!" she exclaimed, "my dear child, dear Meriem; you mustn't throw yourself at my feet like that, for worlds! We're cousins you know. I've come all the way from England to meet you and know you." And she clasped the poor girl once more—with more genuine and unaffected tenderness this time—to her own soft bosom.

"You may go back again then, if you'll take me with you," Meriem cried, impulsively; "for now that I've seen you, and know what you're like, I could never take from you one penny of your money. I never wanted it at all myself. All I want is to be near you, and love you."

At that moment, as they stood there with arms clasped tight round one another silently, before the open heaven, Madame l'Administratrice appeared unexpectedly at the tent door. The incredible sight made her start with alarm.

"Mon Dieu!" she screamed out volubly, in her shrill little voice, to Uncle Tom within. "M. Vitmarsh, M. Vitmarsh, come quick and see. *C'est incroyable, mais c'est vrai. Voilà mademoiselle votre nièce qui embrasse une indigène!*"

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A THUNDERBOLT

THINGS had gone badly for poor Uncle Tom. He had stepped unawares into the lion's mouth. When the astute old lawyer saw that disconcerting sight from the door of Eustace Le Marchant's tent, he felt that chance had indeed dealt roughly with him.

He took it all in at a glance, of course: so this was the young woman! The Claimant! The Impostor! While he had been talking with the enemy, Le Marchant, in the gate, the young woman herself, losing no time in prosecuting her vigorous assault, had surprised the citadel, and carried it by storm. Nay, what was worse, she had even enlisted that ill-regulated and susceptible Knyvett heart of Iris's on her own side. There he found them, hugging like a pair of fools—plaintiff and defendant in the self-same cause, as thick as thieves one with the other. The foe had suborned a traitor in the camp. This wily Kabyle girl,—pretty, no doubt, undeniably pretty; as a man of taste, Uncle Tom could not pretend, in his own mind, to burke that patent fact; but a savage for all that—a mere African savage—trusting to her pure cheek and her physical charms, had made an easy prey of his poor trustful Iris. Those Knyvetts, you see, were always so unpractical. No Whitmarsh on earth would ever have acted like that, Uncle Tom felt certain. No, indeed! Quite the contrary. A Whitmarsh would have held the alleged daughter of the late Uncle Clarence at arm's length securely, and refused to acknowledge off-hand this shadowy claim to an uncertain consanguinity. A Whitmarsh would have fought the matter out, inch by inch, to the bitter end, insisting upon proof at every step, and refusing to accept a single weak fact, a single shaky or illogical inference. While these Knyvetts, you know—bah! it made the eminent Q.C. sick to think of it: so Quixotic; so sentimental; so ignorant of the wiles that were simple matters of everyday experience to an old hand in the Probate and Divorce Division.

If only she had been black, or even dusky, now, as Uncle Tom had always anticipated! But a *pukka* white woman—as white as himself—and handsome into the bargain! Was ever Q.C. more disastrously fitted with a susceptible client and a dangerous opponent?

It was with difficulty that the disheartened old lawyer finished that evil day's work; but since chance had so brought things about that the first investigation meeting, so to speak, must needs be held before a committee of the whole house, he decided to make a virtue of necessity, and invite Iris and the Claimant herself—to Uncle Tom Meriem was, henceforth, simply the Claimant—to take part openly in their deliberations.

"Iris, my dear," he called out, in a somewhat testy tone, "come into the tent here, and bring that—that young person with you."

"Come along, Meriem," Iris said, as one speaks to an old friend, leading the timid Kabyle girl by the hand, like a child, to the tent door. "Uncle dear," she whispered gently into his ear, "she speaks English, and she's a sensitive creature. Now, for my sake, there's a darling, don't be hard on her, or harsh to her."

Pretty; and sensitive! Oh, Lord, what luck! He must hold his tongue, it seemed, in presence of the impostor, for fear the truth should hurt her delicate feelings!

"You've got an uncle, young woman," Uncle Tom observed, with a severe look, fixing a jury-box eye sternly on Meriem. "I think it would be better that this uncle should be represented, personally or by counsel, if I may be allowed the expression, at this preliminary investigation."

"What does he say, Iris?" Meriem whispered, awestruck.

"Don't be afraid of him, dear," Iris whispered in return, clasping Meriem's hand tight in her own. "He's a little rough, you know, but he's awfully kind and good for all that. He only wants you to send for your uncle."

"I didn't know Englishmen ever talked like that," Meriem answered, simply. "Vernon and Eustace never speak to me in that way."

Meanwhile Uncle Tom had murmured something in French to Madame l'Administratrice, which Meriem didn't understand. The flippant little Frenchwoman nodded acquiescence. "*Va chercher l'Amine!*" she cried in an authoritative voice to Meriem.

The girl caught the meaning, though not the words, and disengaging her hand gently from her cousin's, rose up and glided at once from the tent, "like a Greek goddess," Iris thought to herself, as she followed her with attentive eyes, admiringly.

"Yes, a very fine walk," the painter put in, interpreting her thoughts; for he, too, had joined the party in the tent. "You see, these girls are so free in their movements, and accustomed to carry such heavy weights on their head from early childhood, that they grow at last to step evenly poised, like Queen Mab or Titania."

The English allusions sounded strange to Iris; she herself would have said, in a similar case, "Like Athene or an Oread."

In two or three minutes, Meriem returned once more, preceded by the Amine, quite *en dimanché*, in a better burnous than Le Marchant or Blake had yet seen him in.

"*Assieds-toi là*," Madame l'Administratrice exclaimed in an imperious voice, pointing with her sharp forefinger to a low box seat in the furthest corner.

Iris was surprised at the haughty *tutoiement*, especially as the Amine, in his best Friday clothes, seemed altogether so much more dignified and important a personage, with his tall, supple body and his oriental gravity, than the skimpy and volatile little high-heeled Frenchwoman.

The Amine's eyes flashed fire angrily, but he restrained his indignation, after the Oriental wont; and with a polite bow and a "*bon jour*, mesdames; *bonjour*, messieurs," took his seat in the corner where superior authority had so cavalierly relegated him. The melancholy and pathetic Kabyle expression in his large sunken eyes made Iris feel an instinctive respect and sympathy towards the grave old man.

"Ask him first, Madame," Uncle Tom said, officially, in such French as he could command—it was perfectly fluent and profoundly

insular—"if he can tell us the precise date of death of this man Yusuf, alias Leboutillier."

The tears rose quick into Meriem's eyes, at hearing those sacredest of all names to her so roughly pronounced, but she, too, bit her lips to still her emotion, and, for Iris's sake, held her peace painfully.

The Frenchwoman repeated the question to the Amine in French, with an inquisitorial air of legal accuracy. But the Kabyle only shook his head in the utmost dismay. "*No comprend lingua Franca*," he answered, helplessly, in the one phrase of that old barbarous jargon which still survived in his native mountains.

"Ask him in Kabyle, then, Madame," Uncle Tom persisted.

Madame l'Administratrice started as if she were stung. "Do I understand Kabyle, monsieur?" she exclaimed indignantly, as who should repel a slight upon her personal gentility.

Uncle Tom beamed out at her from his respectable spectacles in mild surprise. "Am I to gather, then," he said, with wide open eyes, "that you've lived for fifteen years on end in Kabylie, and can't yet speak one word of the Kabyle language?"

"Not a syllable! not a letter! not a jot! not a tittle!" Madame disclaimed, energetically, with a profuse gesture. "If these pigs of *indigènes* desire the pleasure of my spirited conversation, let them go and learn French themselves at school, and then they can talk to me."

"The loss is certainly theirs," Uncle Tom responded, with unwonted gallantry.

"Meriem can interpret for you, uncle dear," Iris suggested, coaxingly. "Only," she whispered somewhat lower in his ear, "try to put your questions so as not unnecessarily to hurt the poor child's feelings."

This was really too much for Uncle Tom's equanimity. "My dear," he whispered back, with legal firmness, "such a proceeding would be highly irregular, highly irregular. To make the Claimant herself our interpreter in the case would be to turn ourselves over, bound hand and foot, to any nonsense she may choose to palm off upon us."

"I think," Le Marchant interposed, with a quiet smile, "if you will allow me to try, my slight knowledge of Kabyle will probably suffice to put such a very elementary question as the one you suggest to my friend the Amine here."

Uncle Tom glared at him with angry eyes, but could not very well say him nay. A conspiracy, of course; a most patent conspiracy! but after all, they were not on their oaths. In a purely private and informal investigation, irregularities of this sort might perhaps be condoned in his client's interest. They'd be sure to let out some damning fact or admission between them.

Le Marchant put the question to the Amine in a few simple words. The Kabyle shook his head in utter perplexity. A date to an Oriental, an exact date within a stray year or two, is an undreamt-of pitch of historical accuracy.

"It was about three years since," Meriem said, in English, with tears still standing in her big brown eyes, "for I remember it was just about the time when we gather the olives."

Uncle Tom gave a comical look of despair. Was this the kind of evidence as to date, forsooth, to tender to a leader in the Probate and Divorce Division of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice?

It was Blake's turn now to interpose with a suggestion, "I think," he said, turning over the pages of his sketch-book, hastily, "I have something here that may cast light on the matter." And hitting on the particular sketch he required as he spoke, he passed the open page over to Uncle Tom with polite carelessness.

Uncle Tom accepted the strange item of proffered evidence under mute protest, and without prejudice. As a matter of principle, he didn't believe in the documentary value of an artist's sketches. They're never sworn to before a Justice of the Peace, as the Act directs. Still, he cast a hurried glance, for form's sake, at the particular drawing thus confidently pointed out to him. It was a rough sketch of the mouth of a cave, overgrown with lichens and maidenhair ferns; and it bore on its front a bold inscription in plain Roman capitals—

CLARENCE KNYVETT  
SUÀ IPSIUS MANU FECIT:  
ANNO HEGIRÆ  
MCCLXIV.

Uncle Tom started, but restrained his surprise. "It's not without merit, viewed as a work of art; but what does it prove?" he asked, half angrily.

"I don't know," Blake answered, retiring abashed. "I've really no idea. The same question's been asked about 'Paradise Lost,' I believe, and I could never answer it. I suggest it merely on general grounds, as tending to show Clarence Knyvett may have been alive at least as late as the year 1264 of the Mahomedan era. It's an inscription that Le Marchant and I found on the face of a rock high up on the slopes of Lalla Khadi'a, in the Djurjura Mountains. It gave us our first clue, in fact, to the curious problem of Meriem's parentage."

"Those words were the last thing Yusuf ever wrote," Meriem murmured, half aloud. "He must have written them just before he fell from the rocks, when he was hiding from the French, who wanted to shoot him."

"And when was the year 1264, I should like to know?" Uncle Tom sneered contemptuously. The date had such a remote mediæval sound about it.

It was an unfortunate observation, from Uncle Tom's point of view, at least; for even as he spoke, Iris, pulling out her purse, consulted a small pocket-almanac. "It began," she said, after a short but abstruse mental calculation, "on April the 20th, 1885."

Uncle Tom gave a short, sharp whistle to himself; a whistle that he checked a minute later with a distinct air of being (as a Benchet of Lincoln's Inn) very much ashamed of himself. "This is what comes of sending girls to Cambridge," he thought to himself inwardly, in a very bad humour. "They're so proud of being able to calculate a date that they supply arms and ammunition gratis to the camp of the enemy.—Let me see that book, Iris," he went on aloud, in no happy tone. "Year of the Hegira, 1268, commencing April 20th, 1887. H'm, that'll do. Now, don't be precipitate."

But his warning look and uplifted finger were thrown away upon poor, eager Iris, who, profoundly interested in the facts of the case, and anxious only to arrive at the truth, forgot to consider her own rôle in Uncle Tom's little extempore drama.

"Why, uncle," she cried, with a flash of intuition, "Uncle Alexander died at Bath—I've got it down here among the memoranda you gave me that day at your office—on April the 4th, 1883; and you gave me that day at your office—on April the 4th, 1883; and Clarence Knyvett wrote this inscription not earlier than April the 20th in the same year. Therefore, he must have survived Uncle Alexander, and he, not Sir Arthur, was the real inheritor of the Knyvett property."

A thunderbolt could not have fallen more heavily on poor Uncle Tom. No turkey-cock that ever strutted a farmyard was half so red in the face as he at that moment. He would have given the world just then if only he could have flung down his brief on the table before him, and remarked sarcastically, "After what my client has just admitted, my lord, there's nothing now left for me to do but to retire at once from the case, and leave him entirely in the hands of the jury." But here, unhappily, was a client whose cause he could not throw up, come what might—a client with an impossible and incredible fancy for playing into the hands of her own opponents.



"My dear," he whispered in her ear, in an agony of shame, disgust, and terror, "leave it to them to say all that; and don't concern yourself at all with Clarence Knyvet. What we have to do first is to solve the question, When did the man Yusuf die? After that, we have to ask ourselves next, Was Yusuf identical with Joseph Leboutillier? Only in the third place can we come to the question, Were Yusuf and Joseph Leboutillier in turn *aliases* of your uncle, Clarence Knyvet?"

"Yusuf died accidentally, by a fall from a cliff," Le Marchant put in, carrying on the problem of the date at issue. "Surely there would be something like an inquest or *procès verbal* held on his body—some statement of the cause of death in the *actes de l'état civil* at St. Cloud"—and he turned round with a question in French to Madame l'Administratrice.

"*Est-ce que je sais, moi?*" the little lady answered, with a screwed-up face and a shrug of her shoulders. "Do I take note of the death of this, that, or the other *indigène*, think you? *Qu'est-ce que ça me fait, à moi, monsieur?* My husband can tell you perhaps. He keeps a register of these events, possibly."

"My father fell over the cliff," Meriem put in, suddenly, after a long and abstruse effort of reason in the endeavour, by the aid of his almanac, to correlate the Christian and Mahomedan calendars, "some time in November, 1883; I know it now by the date of the Moharram. A man came up from Algiers to search for him—"

"A French detective," Le Marchant interposed. "So one of the fathers at St. Cloud told me."

"And Yusuf thought that if he remained at Beni Merzoug, the man would find out his French name, and get them to shoot him," Meriem went on, with an evident and painful struggle. "So he went and lived in the caves in the Djurjura; and there he fell over a cliff and died; and that's all I can tell you about it."

"Why," Iris exclaimed, with a flushed face, "that must have been the detective—you remember, Uncle Tom—that Sir Arthur sent up to make inquiries about him. And Uncle Clarence must have mistaken who it was that sent the man, and why they wanted him. And so he must have fled from his own property and his own people at the very time they were trying hardest to discover him."

Uncle Tom's face was a study to behold. It would have made the fortune of some rising *genre* painter. Such a client as this he had never had to deal with. She would spoil the best case that ever was briefed. She gave up everything at the mere nod of her dangerous opponent.

"My dear," he said slowly, aloud this time, "you're making a great many most unwarrantable assumptions. If this inscription is really genuine, which we don't know—I give no opinion; it may or it may not be;—and if Yusuf was the man Leboutillier; and if Leboutillier was your Uncle Clarence; and if we can trust these people's evidence—"

He got no further, for, as he said those words, Meriem rose up like a statue before him.

"Iris," she cried earnestly, taking her cousin's hand once more in hers, "I love you, I love you! I'll speak to you; I won't speak to him; because he distrusts me and doesn't believe me. Nobody ever distrusted me before, not even the Kabyles. Don't let him come here any more to inquire. I can't bear to hear him speak like that about my dear dead father. I loved Yusuf, and I love him still. I'm glad you've come. I'm glad you're my cousin. But whether the money you've come about is yours or mine, let's say no more about it. I hope you'll keep it. I want none of it. What good is it to me? All I want is to know my father's friends. And if you'll let me love you, I need no money."

"Uncle Tom," Iris said, flushing red in return, "let her off, there's a dear. She means what she says. You're hurting her affections. If we want to set this matter right at all, we must set it right without bothering Meriem."

They rose to go, but Meriem clung to her.

"Iris," she whispered, "come again soon, and see me alone. I want to talk to you. I want to be friends with you."

"I'll come again soon, dear," Iris answered, with a kiss. "I love you, too, Meriem. I think I understand you."

(To be continued)

## SCIENTIFIC NOTES

A NOVEL method of testing the stability of a drawbridge was lately adopted by the authorities at Bridgeport, Connecticut. In the first place, the structure had been informally tested by a road-roller weighing seventeen tons, which had been employed in laying down the asphalt roadway, a work which necessitated many a journey backwards and forwards of the heavy machine. But the real test was entrusted to Mr. Barnum's elephants, and in due course twelve of these ponderous brutes were marshalled on the bridge. Their united weight was thirty-five tons—more than double the weight of the road-roller, but the bridge only sank one-eighth of an inch under the unusual strain. There is a popular belief that the elephant will not cross a bridge until he makes quite sure, by a few trials with his forefeet, that it will bear his weight. In this case the animals exhibited no sign of hesitation, a circumstance which we should be inclined to attribute rather to the solid appearance of the structure, and its continuity with the adjacent roadway, than to any special faculty for judging of the stability of a modern engineering work on the part of the elephants.

Now that there is some talk of the resuscitation of canal traffic to what it was before railways took the carrying-trade, in a great measure, from it, various methods of traction are being put forward. A promising one is that which has been elaborated, and tried with success, in France by Mr. Maurice Levy. The system comes under the head of cable-traction, and is worked on precisely the same principle as the cable-tramway lines. That is to say, a stationary cable-engine keeps an endless cable in continual motion, and the vehicles, or boats, have the power of hitching on to that cable, when they want to be put in motion. In the case of the tramway, the cable runs below ground, but for canal-work it is supported upon standards bearing grooved wheels some twelve feet above the towing-path. The towing-line can be readily attached to, or detached from, the moving cable, by suitable loops and catches; and all jerk in starting is prevented by the man in charge of the towed boat paying out the tow-line from a windlass, or winding it round a cleat. The rate of travelling attained by this method is about double that possible by horse-traction.

Paper and paper-pulp are being continually applied to new purposes, and the useful material has in many instances superseded both wood and metal. One of its most recent applications is in the manufacture of pencils, where it takes the place of wood as a support for the marking composition. Hitherto this industry has rejected paper, for the reason that when in a compressed and dried state it is a far more difficult thing to cut with a penknife than the soft cedar it was designed to supplant. But this difficulty seems to have been got over, in the patented process under consideration, by modifying the texture of the paper by giving it a bath of melted paraffin wax. The manufacture of these paper-pencils is very simple, the paper being first made into tubes, and the marking composition forced, while in a plastic condition, into the cases by position forced, while in a plastic condition, into the cases by pressure. The pencils are then dried at a gradually-increasing temperature, the operation extending over a period of a week. Then comes the final bath of melted wax, to soften the paper-cases for cutting, and, at the same time, to make them waterproof.

The post of Astronomer Royal for Scotland, which was held for so many years by Professor Piazzi Smyth, and which he resigned

some months ago, has been filled by the appointment of Dr. Ralph Copeland.

Experiments have lately been tried at Dover with a so-called sea-anchor, invented by Captain Waters. This apparatus consists of a canvas bag about four feet in diameter, and five feet deep, with either a strong hoop to hold it open, or a square bolted frame to answer the same purpose. The bag is attached to a beam, or float, in such a manner that it lies just below the surface of the water, and a stout rope forms the connection between it and the bow of the vessel employing it. The object of this sea-anchor is to bring a boat or ship's head to the sea when in danger of foundering from getting broadside towards waves. There is nothing very new in the idea, for such a contrivance has frequently been extemporised with advantage. The veteran aeronaut Green also constructed an anchor to hold a balloon near the surface of the sea, which was almost identical in form to this one. Still, the experiments will be useful in reminding sailors of a useful aid in case of emergency.

According to a Canadian paper, the Falls of Niagara are cutting their way backwards at a somewhat more rapid rate than that generally attributed to them. Sir Charles Lyell, in 1842, estimated that the rate of recession was about one foot per annum. This, it seems, has certainly been much exceeded during recent years. Some very heavy falls of rock have been lately recorded at Niagara, the last one having made a very appreciable alteration in the form of the Falls. The upper suspension bridge, which was recently demolished in a storm, is to be immediately replaced; and the work will be completed in the very short period of three months.

Lieutenant Graydon, of the United States Navy, seems to have solved a very difficult problem, and one to which many military and naval engineers have given great attention. This is, the possibility of charging shells with such high explosives as is dynamite, of which nitro-glycerine forms the active ingredient, and firing them from an ordinary gun with safety. Hitherto, the employment of dynamite for such a purpose was deemed impossible for the reason that the blow delivered to the shell by the explosion of the powder used to force it from the gun, would cause the dynamite charge within the projectile to itself explode. Such an event would, of course, split the largest and most powerful weapon in pieces, and would scatter death and destruction around it. There was also the fear that the frictional heat generated by the rapid transit of the shell through the bore of the gun would lead to a similar result. Lieutenant Graydon obviates these difficulties in a very ingenious manner. First, the shell is lined with asbestos cloth, an excellent non-conductor, which also serves as a buffer for the explosive contents of the projectile. Next, the dynamite, instead of being *en bloc*, is divided up into small pellets, each one being wrapped in non-absorbent paper. This paper fulfils a double duty, in preventing the nitro-glycerine separating from the absorbent earth with which it is associated, and settling to one part of the shell, and in padding the various pellets so that they shall not rub together. Lieutenant Graydon has also invented a form of fuse which will not ignite the bursting charge of the shell until the projectile has actually buried itself in the target at which it is aimed. This modification causes the shell to do far more execution than it would if it burst immediately upon impact. The dynamite shell has been subjected to many trials at different places in the United States, and has achieved very remarkable results.

A new form of type-writing machine has been invented by a Mr. Capehart, of Minneapolis, which is said to supersede the ordinary operations of printing and stereotyping. The machine, instead of merely printing the letters in the ordinary type-writer manner, works upon prepared cardboard, and stamps an impression of the type upon it. This cardboard then serves as a matrix or mould for the type-metal—and the finished result is a stereotype-plate. It will be observed that the operations of composing and type distribution are altogether obviated, on the other hand the proof-reading must be most perfectly done in the first instance, and the worker at the machine must not make errors. Practical printers will at once see the weak parts of the scheme, and many will know that similar methods of quick production have before been suggested. At the same time the machine appears to be a most ingenious one; and may possibly be the pioneer of automatic printing methods of the future.

T. C. H.



NOT very long ago we hoped Mrs. C. Hetley would soon continue the "Native Flowers of New Zealand" (Sampson Low), the first part of which was so well done as to make us anxious for more. Parts Two and Three complete the work for the present. If sufficiently encouraged, she will go on until she has printed the whole of a *flora*, much of which is rapidly disappearing. The book is dedicated to the Empress-Queen; surely it would be a graceful and a queenly thing were the help which out of its poverty the Colony accorded to Mrs. Hetley supplemented out of the Privy Purse. Mrs. Hetley's preface explains how she came to undertake the task, and shows that Aucklanders (and probably Wellingtonians) are almost as ignorant of their floral treasures as if they were living in Great Britain. Perhaps it is that many of the flowering-trees are at their best at Christmas, a time when people stay at home, whether in England or at the Antipodes. Dieffenbach, more than forty years ago, lamented the needless cutting down in and round Auckland of the *Metrosideros* (iron-bark) which at Christmas is a mass of scarlet or white blossom. This was done so thoroughly that to see a big clump of native blossoming trees "Young Auckland" must go as far as Wai-Wera (hot water), where Mrs. Hetley chose her first specimens. She went much further afield, however, getting more than the usual bumping in stage-coaches across rivers, the usual headlong drives down break-neck passes, and doing, too, some climbing among the mountains of North and Middle Island. The result is very creditable as a sample. Some of Messrs. Leighton's chromos are simply perfect, admirably reproducing the firmness of Mrs. Hetley's touch, and the delicate brilliancy of her colouring. Her book is certainly not inferior to Mrs. Sinclair's "Sandwich Island Flora," noticed by us some three years back. Of course, in the finished work there will be some arrangement; in what has been done there is none. The six *Senecios* (New Zealand has many species, of all sizes, from respectable trees to sedum-like Alpines) are scattered up and down the three parts; the same with the *Olearias*, which should surely be kept together for comparison, so very unlike are the "mountain daisy" (*O. insignis*) and the *ilicifolia*, that little aromatic tree with hard leaves and closely packed heads of small white flowers. We do trust the work will be finished. Sir R. Stout did his part by ordering copies for all the schools and public libraries. English and American plant-lovers must not be backward. If they want urging on, let them look at the dear little *gnaphalium grandiceps* (plate 31), the Edelweiss of the New Zealand Alps, or at that strange pandanus the *Freyinetia Banksii* (plate 36).

Picturesqueness, rather than botanical accuracy, has been Mr. W. H. J. Boot's aim in the coloured full-lengths to Mr. G. S. Boulger's "Familiar Trees" (Cassell). In their way, they are as good as Mrs. Hetley's single sprays; but it is a very different way. The letterpress, unlike Mrs. Hetley's, is full of detail; the

natural orders of the trees are given (the box, no one would guess, is one of the *euphorbias*), and there is plenty of chit-chat about what Gerard and Turner say, with extracts from Gilpin, and discussions whether elm, box, &c., are, or are not, indigenous. Altogether, this second series worthily completes very well got up work.

Part XXVII. of the "History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster" (Heywood, Manchester and London), contains the interesting record of an unfortunate foundation. Dean Nowell (who turned the Catechism into Latin) re-founded and endowed the school at Middleton, where he was educated. Most undeservedly he called it "Queen Elizabeth's School," for the Queen had thrown difficulties in his way, refusing his prayer "to be allowed to licence 100*l.* in mortmain for the better relief of the school;" and when Nowell bought for it the reversion of an estate in Kent, Sir E. Hobie, the lessee, was allowed to pocket the rents, thereby nearly ruining the Dean and his foundation. Nor has the school fared better at the hands of Brasenose College, under which Nowell placed it. The College gets some 3,000*l.* a-year, from endowments intended for the school (besides 10,000*l.* received in fines for leases), and pays the master an Elizabethan stipend; while the Charity Commissioners do not think that the matter falls within their scope.

After nearly seventeen years' work, "The Encyclopædic Dictionary" (Cassell), of which the first part appeared in 1879, is completed. It ran on to fourteen parts, the extra two being given that the later letters might not be scamped, as they very generally are. Besides an interesting preface, it contains a brief sketch of English lexicography, a list of classical phrases and quotations, &c., and "special care has been given to insert American words and phrases;" indeed, it has over 60,000 words more than the latest edition of Webster, which, with its 118,000 words is such a contrast to Todd's Johnson with only 58,000. Altogether, its claims to be both a brief encyclopædia, and also "the most exhaustive of English dictionaries" is thoroughly maintained; and the workers—Dr. R. Hunter, Mr. J. Williams, of Trinity College, Oxford, &c., are a guarantee for the character of the work.

Mr. Taylor, the Method Master in Battersea College, has followed up his graded lessons on the Pentateuch and on St. Luke with "Graded Lessons from Joshua to the Captivity" (Sunday School Institute). As before, he gives on every subject three lessons, for infants, intermediates, and advanced scholars respectively. The book is valuable not to Sunday School teachers only. Many clergymen would find its hints give freshness and interest to their sermons.

For those who have to do with only very young minds Mr. Taylor has also published "Easy Outline Lessons from Joshua to the Captivity" (Church of England Sunday School Institute). We only wish somebody would do for English (nay, for European) history what is so superabundantly done for the history of the Old Testament.

Since Bogatzky there have been many such manuals as Miss Townsend's "Voices of Prayer and Praise" (Hatchards). Hers is intended for members of the Girls' Friendly Society, who will find in it, among appropriate prayers and sentences, some singularly beautiful hymns. Possibly there is a cheaper edition of the dainty little volume before us; otherwise we fear it will be beyond the reach of some girls to whom it might be specially useful.

In Mr. J. Cranston's "Cultural Directions for the Rose" (King's Acre Nurseries, Hereford), we do not expect the life-like chromos or elaborate letterpress of Mr. Day's grand work. Still, these directions are so full and practical, and the classification of the varieties under their different heads is so complete, that no wonder the book has reached a seventh edition.

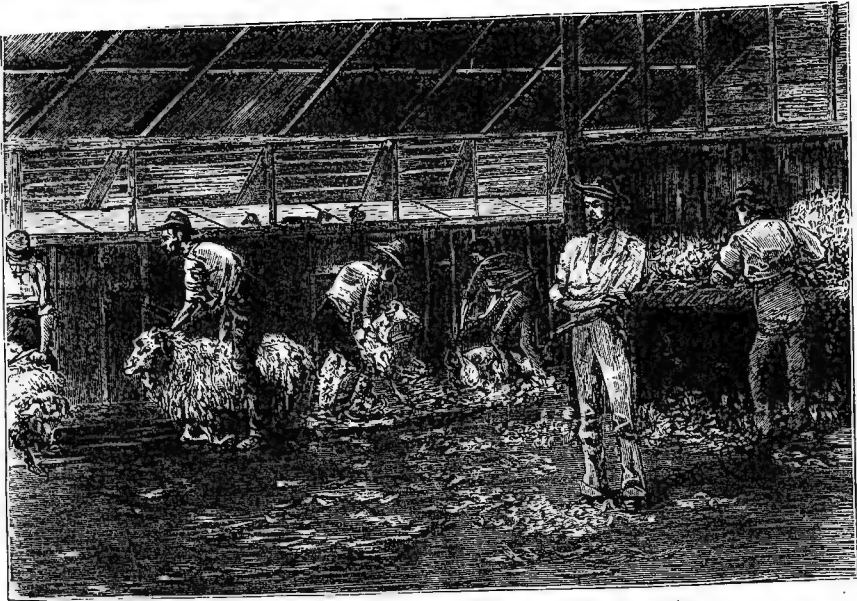
Dr. Davidson said, "Miracles are phenomena of the religious consciousness rather than of Nature, and they cannot be viewed save in the light of psychology;" but Mr. S. B. Bleau, in "The City of Faith" (Elliot Stock), goes further, and calls a miracle "an emotion of Nature in the near presence of God, occurring in the interlocked realms of Faith and Sense." Mr. Bleau has read much; he even quotes that "Husk and Kernel," the authorship of which is an open secret, thanking the writer for "recognising the importance of Imagination in religion, though he denudes religion of the miraculous." Nor does he confine himself to miracle: his aim is to point out how the sadness which Mr. Ruskin calls "darkness of heart" may be lightened by faith. He thinks, with Van Oosterzee, that "the days are to be looked for when what now seems to some a dogmatic superfluity will be found the last sheet-anchor of otherwise despairing souls." Nevertheless, he might surely have held to his own eschatology without branding Evolution as "the phantasy of a disordered universe," and affirming that, "if it were the original and divinely-chosen order of things, then Pessimism would be the most reasonable frame of mind."

Mr. Fenning's "Proofs of Holy Writ" (Barker, Hastings) originally appeared in the *South Coast Magazine*. They contain "easy things to understand"—on King Mesha, for Mr. Fenning believes in the Moabite stone; on Rameses II., for whom he goes to Professor Maspero, as he does to Dr. Burgsch for Menephah II.; on Geology, about which his authority is Sir C. Lyall (*sic*). The papers are freshly written, and were worth reprinting.

Mr. Hugh McCulloch was Secretary to the Treasury under Lincoln, Johnson, and Arthur, and, therefore, his "Men and Measures of Half-a-Century" (Sampson Low) is interesting because the writer took part in much that he describes, and was intimately acquainted with most of those whom he portrays. On questions of policy Mr. McCulloch speaks out clearly. He is sure the quarrel between North and South could not have been peaceably settled; for the two took quite opposite views of the character of the Government, the South holding that it was merely a league between sovereign States, which, united for Governmental purposes, might resume their sovereignty whenever they judged it opportune to do so. He points out how suicidal is Protection, especially of raw material, to such a country as the United States; and he would fain see the suffrage confined to native-born citizens. Nevertheless, though he does not like "the Irish vote," he is sure "the Irish have not been fairly treated." This is proved, he feels, "by the steady decrease in the population of an island which is healthy, fertile, and blessed by Nature with exceptional advantages." His remarks are the more valuable because of his judicial mind, and the absence throughout his volume of anything like "bunkum." For Ireland he suggests a sort of *mélange* system, *i.e.*, practically a sliding scale of rents; and he is glad that "though the English are not a tender-hearted people, and pity for the unfortunate is not a marked trait in their character, their sense of justice, keen when not blinded by self-interest, is now more awake than it has ever been." Speaking of the opposite views of the Irish Question taken by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, he remarks that, thanks to his Irish measures, Mr. Gladstone has won the North while he retains the goodwill of his old friends the Southern States. Mr. Bright, on the contrary, has, thanks to Ireland, lost the North, while his unpopularity with the South remains unabated. Though he mostly writes with great self-restraint, Mr. McCulloch can use strong language on occasion. Thus he denounces (page 101) the neglect of the Indian Bureau, and the incompetence, or worse, of Government employees, and the dishonesty of Indian agents, whereby Indian wars have been almost entirely stirred up. He is scathingly severe, too, on General Halleck for preventing McClellan from taking any part in the second battle of Bull-Run. "Could anything have been more wicked?" is his comment. There is a special value in the opinions of one who has no interests to serve, and yet knows thoroughly what he is writing about.

Among much other interesting matter, the *Antiquary*, Vol.

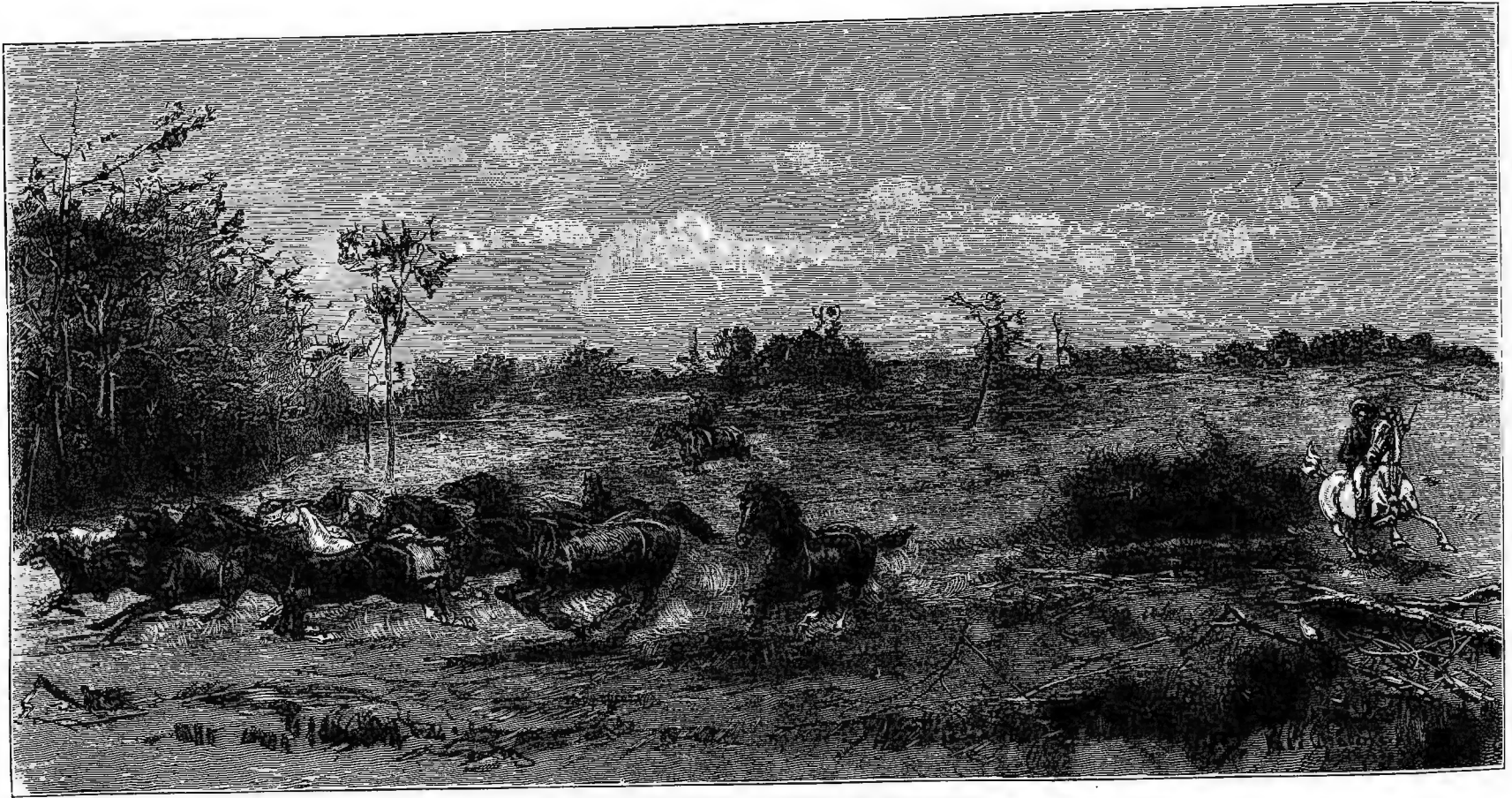




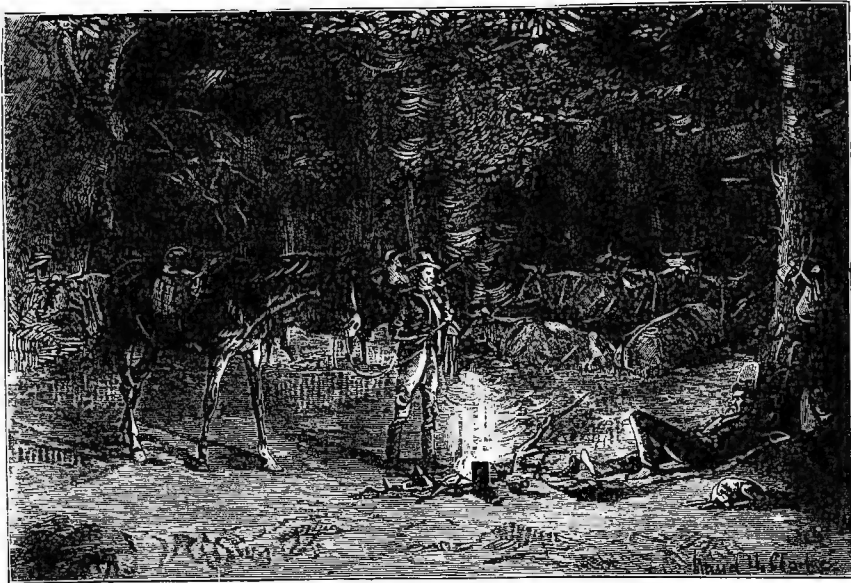
THE INTERIOR OF A WOOL-SHED IN THE SHEARING SEASON



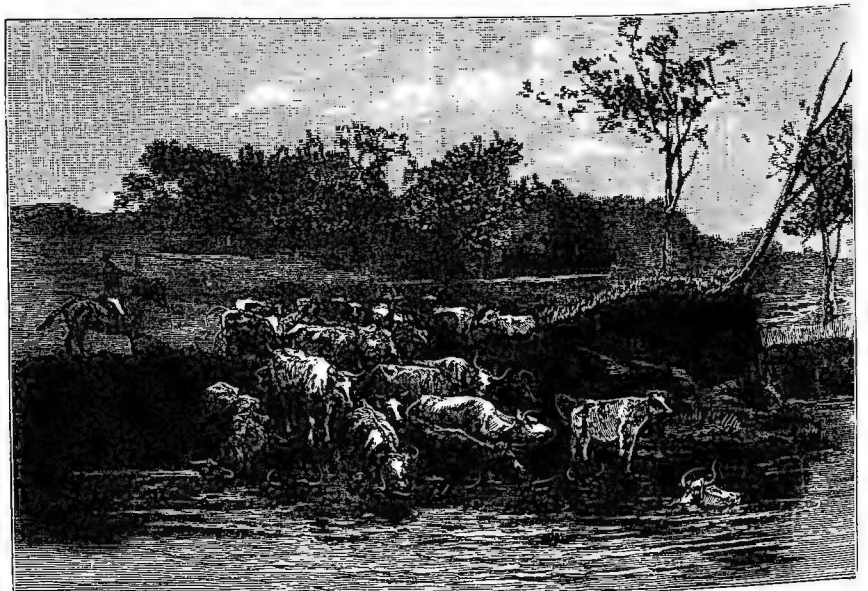
THE MAIL COACH BOGGED ON THE PLAINS



HUNTING BRUMBYS (WILD HORSES) ON THE MOONY



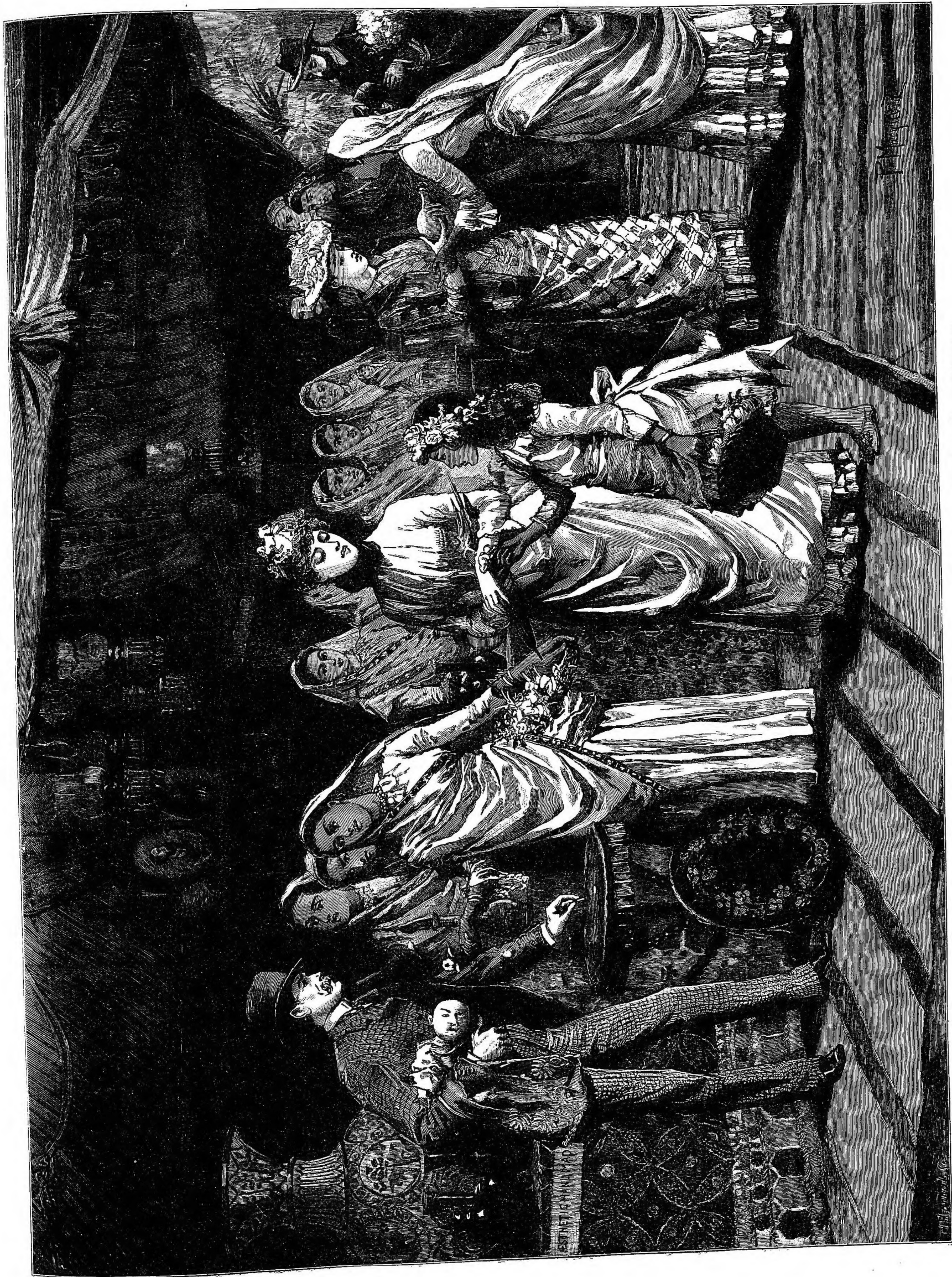
A CATTLE DROVERS' CAMP



SWIMMING CATTLE ACROSS A RIVER

SKETCHES IN THE "BACK COUNTRY," NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA





A PARSEE LADIES' STALL AT A BAZAAR HELD AT BOMBAY  
IN AID OF LADY MAYO'S FUND FOR THE PROVISION OF MEDICAL WOMEN IN INDIA



XVIII. (Elliot Stock), contains the story, by Mr. Theo. Bent, of how Thomas Dallam took to the Grand Turk the organ which by Elizabeth's order he had built for that sovereign. The volume is above the average. We wish other parish guilds could find so able a historian as that of Prittlewell has found in Mr. Sparvel Bayly.

"The Art of Sketching from Nature" (Bell) writes Mr. P. H. Delamotte, who, in its earlier days, was a frequent contributor to this journal, and whose recent death we note with regret, "belongs at least as much to the amateur as to the artist." Accordingly, he gives all needful hints about mixing colours and laying on the mixtures; and, as the important points are perseverance and the use of copies, he furnishes, besides several completed sketches, some graduated studies, showing exactly by what steps the final result is reached. It would be hard to find a better or more practical guide than this; it is thorough, and perfectly comprehensible. The chromos are in Messrs. Day's best style, and the subjects are well chosen. Some of the foregrounds deserve especial praise. The notices of Dewint, Girtin (ignored by Mr. Ruskin), and others, are so written as to be lessons in various styles. Every artist will acquiesce in Mr. Delamotte's dictum that "theory does help the eye."

Mr. Leighton Jordan is a bimetalist; and the fact that his "Standard of Value" (Longmans) has reached a fifth edition, shows that he is appreciated by those who think with him. His contention is that, as long as the National Debt remains unpaid, the English Mint ought to be open for the coinage of silver on the same terms as for the coinage of gold, inasmuch as that Debt, borrowed when silver was a joint standard, but since 1873 measured by the then fixed gold standard, is thus made 20 per cent. heavier than before. To Lord Liverpool's letter of 1816, and his ignorance of what the standard of value really is, Mr. Jordan traces the mistake which was made fifty-seven years later. It is not India that suffers, for there the masses have profited by the fall in silver, but the English tax-payer, whose interests are diametrically opposed to those of both the holders of stock and of the traders in money. But, if we were foolish, still more foolish was the United States' Government "in adopting a gold coinage, and so increasing their debt, while they were a debtor nation." Mr. Jordan's book deserves careful reading; the point is one which cannot be much longer left in its present unsatisfactory state.



## II.

THE frontispiece of the *Universal Review* is the reproduction in outline of "The Isabella Supper" of Sir John Millais, on which Mr. Harry Quilter writes a criticism, in which he expresses his opinion that the original was executed by Millais in order to set down clearly some suggestions as to the compositions, expressions, and characters appropriate to the scene, which had been made to him by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.—Mr. Henry S. Burdett writes of what is now an old and sad story in "Our Great Gun Muddle."—Mr. Lewis Morris gives us a fine ballad anent "David Gwyn," the Welsh galley-slave, who captured two ships from his Spanish masters on the first voyage of the Armada:—

David Gwyn was a Welshman bold, who pined a slave in the hulks of Spain,  
Taken years since in some mad emprise with Francis Drake on the Spanish main.  
—Mr. Edward L. Holden is very interesting about "The Lick Observatory;" while Mrs. Lynn Linton begins a promising serial in "An Unfinished History."

Mr. George Kennan gives this month, in the *Century*, an amusing account of his interview with "The Grand Lama of the Trans-Baikal," whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the magazine.—Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer returns to the subject of our Cathedral Churches with "York Cathedral."—A striking paper is that by Lieutenant W. H. Beecher on "The Use of Oil to Still the Waves." He complains of the difficulty in getting mariners to make use of it. They lack faith, though one trial soon convinces the most sceptical. "The effect of oil," he says, and he gives reasons for his belief, "is indeed magical."—We may also favourably allude to Miss Mary Hallock Foote's "The Last Assembly Ball," a pseudo-romance of the Far West.

The frontispiece of *Harper* is a fine engraving from a photograph of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, Prime Minister of Canada.—Eminently worth reading is the opening paper on "The Institute of France," by Mr. Theodore Child, elaborately illustrated by M. Alexis Lemaître.—Suggestive in the highest degree is Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "Comments on Canada." The writer holds that the Canadian Pacific Railway alone has changed within five years the prospects of the political situation. It may be true, as he observes, that on the American Continent the day of dynasties is over, and that the people will determine their own place; but there are great commercial forces at work that cannot be ignored, which seem strong enough to keep Canada for a long time on her present line of development in a British Connection.—Among descriptive papers we may call special attention to "New Vienna," by Curt von Zeluau.

Of hibernical natural phenomena in the Alps, *Cornhill* gives us an animated description in "Snow, Frost, Storm, and Avalanche," the writer offering the result of his studies of winter in the Grisons.—A lively and amusing fictional sketch is "Dorinda's Brother."

In addition to its serial by Mr. Walter Besant, "The Bell of St. Paul's," *Longman* provides itself with another, by a novelist of the first magnitude—"Lady Car: The Sequel of a Life," by Mrs. Oliphant; while the author of "John Ward, Preacher," writes a characteristic short story "At Whose Door?"—Mr. Frederick Boyle strives to bring "Cool Orchids" home to ordinary householders, who are apt to regard the flowers, he says, "as fantastic and mysterious creations, designated, to all seeming, for the greater glory of pedants and millionaires." These plants ask nothing, according to him, in return for the measureless enjoyment they give, but light, shade from the summer sun, protection from the winter frost, moisture—and brains.

The frontispiece of the *English Illustrated Magazine* is an engraving by O. Lacour, from Moroni's painting in the National Gallery, "Portrait of a Painter."—There are two admirable illustrated descriptive papers in the periodical, "Leeds," by Mr. S. A. Byles, and "Kensington Palace," by Miss Barbara Clay Finch.—We can also commend "Success, a Story in Six Parts," by Miss Katherine S. Macquoid.

*Temple Bar*, in an article on "James Smith," supplies us with a lot of good theatrical anecdotes and incidents.—Mr. George Lorne Layard has much gossiping information, too, about a great caricaturist in "Leech's Bottle." The little conceit of the water-bottle, or carafe, containing the wriggling *Hirudo medicinalis*, was chosen by Leech, as every one knows, to sign many of his delightful productions.

The frontispiece of the *Woman's World* is an engraving of "Angelica Kauffman," from the portrait by herself in the Uffizi Gallery.—There is a very good opening paper by Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon on "Women on Horseback," which is illustrated with woodcuts instructive as to bygone ways and manners in this connection, some of them not a little startling.—Mr. W. Simpson imparts some curious details about "The Marriage of the Emperor of China."

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is a steel engraving by Morse, from Greuze's picture of "The Dead Bird." The sentiment of childish grief finds charming expression here.—Among the more interesting letterpress this month is "How Raphael Quarrelled with the Marchesa," which "Leader Scott" contributes under the heading of "The Romance of Art."

In *Murray* "General" Booth glorifies his own achievement in "What Is the Salvation Army?" He does not answer the criticism that he has but changed orderly Christians into noisy ones, and that in practical reform of outcasts his organisation's activities have been largely void of result.

Of the best papers in *Scribner* is Professor W. B. Scott's "A German Rome," in which he describes the little-known German city of Trèves, which was the capital of a large part of the Roman world for more than a century. Recent excavations and restorations by the Prussian Government have at length given the city its proper place as a centre of Roman antiquities.—Mr. Henry James writes "An Animated Conversation" between several Englishmen and Americans who casually meet in a London hotel. The discussion, which is witty and satirical in tone, runs on social topics, viewed from an international standpoint.

History figures prominently in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March. We have a paper on two renowned Scotchmen, "The Keiths," by Hope Notnor; while Mr. John Fiske writes lucidly and brightly of "Ticonderoga, Bennington, and Oriskany."

We have before us the March number of the *Garden*, which is a well established illustrated journal of horticulture in all its branches. The coloured plates are admirably done, while the periodical is otherwise full of useful garden information.



TWO new selections from the works of Count Lyof Tolstoi, by different translators, and issued by different publishers, bear witness to the interest felt in this country as well as abroad in one of the most striking figures in contemporary literature. To take the longest first, "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth" (1 vol.: Vizetelly and Co.) is one of those painful productions, obviously autobiographical with regard to sentiments and impressions, if not to external facts, in which some men have attempted to reproduce, in their maturity, their recollections of a self-tormenting and introspective childhood. With all allowance for exceedingly different surroundings, Count Tolstoi's narrative, while fictitious in form, may be set beside those autobiographical sketches wherein De Quincey professed to set down reality. Probably fact and fiction bear about an equal proportion to each other in both cases; and the result is a picture which most children, happily for themselves, would be unable to recognise. About the realism of the effect, however, in Count Tolstoi's portrait of a morbidly sensitive nature between infancy and manhood there can be no question. One is made to comprehend the chaos of speculation and passion, and the capacity for misery and self-torment, which bewilders human nature before it gets a grain of experience, which not seldom condemns a child to misunderstood loneliness and want of sympathy, and which renders childhood so incomprehensible to those who, as in the case with most men and women, have forgotten their own. Those who remember theirs the best will appreciate Count Tolstoi's picture the most; and that is to say everything.

"Ivan Ilyitch; and other Stories," translated by Nathan Haskell Dole (1 vol.; Walter Scott), is work of a very different order. The first story, which gives its name to the volume, is one of those studies which are almost too cruel and repulsive for production. It is the account, step by step and detail by detail, of the slow and painful death of a man who has never thought of dying—not a symptom, physical or mental, is spared. Doubtless it has a moral; but its only legitimate excuse is the power which, despite the execrable English of the translation, puts the reader into the very place of the wretched Ivan. The following tales are a selection from those imitations of old Slavonic legends and parables in which Count Tolstoi has endeavoured to bring his religious and social philosophy down to the simplest popular comprehension. And very remarkable works they are, more like the *Gesta Romanorum*, in form as well as in spirit, than anything produced since the Middle Ages, and with a wild poetry about them, partly their author's own, and partly characteristic of his race and country. The mysticism, or, more technically, the "Quietism" of Count Tolstoi cannot be better studied than in tales like "The Two Pilgrims," "The Candle," "The Three Mendicants," and in "Where Love is, there God is also." We only wish the work of rendering them into English had fallen into English hands. The translation is called "authorised," whatever that may mean. If it means that some authority has permitted Count Tolstoi's Russian to be represented by the dialect of Massachusetts and the grammar of nowhere, the sooner an unauthorised translation of the minor tales appears in English of not too modern a sort, the better. A scholarly version would be a book to prize.

"A Strange Message," by Dora Russell (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), is exceedingly characteristic of its authoress, and is therefore likely to be popular among a wide circle of readers. The story is anything but probable, but we never regard that as a defect so long as improbability creates any freshness of interest, as is certainly the case with the present story of confused identity. At the same time improbability must not extend to detail; the more unlikely the plot, the more carefully natural should be its circumstances—and this rule Dora Russell has not observed. For example, to exhume a dead body for examination or identification is by no means a matter of course which anybody may undertake on his own authority and responsibility. Then the use of such phrases as "Between she and I," among reasonably well educated persons, goes beyond even actual conversational licence; and this is not the only cause for suspicion of Dora Russell's indifference to her parts of speech. However, style is not supposed to be her strong point; and one gets too much accustomed to such things to be much irritated. Other mannerisms are less pardonable—such as never mentioning a certain Jock except as "kindly" Jock, until one wishes he would turn unkindly for a change, wears of his "kindly" blue eyes, and expects to come upon his "kindly" boots, or his "kindly" back hair. However, as we have said, the story is interesting; especially as to imagine what is going to happen next is throughout beyond guessing.

Stories of mistaken identity appear to be curiously prevalent just now. "Barcaldine," by Vere Clavering, is the third or fourth which has come before us in the last fortnight, and disposes us to think that the vein is already beginning to run thin and dry. The general idea is that of an exceedingly uninteresting young man who is suspected, on the flimsiest evidence, of personating himself—that is to say, of being in reality another uninteresting young man who had been his fellow passenger from Australia, and was so like him that nobody could tell one from the other. However, as the hero had been sent mad by seeing his sweetheart's portrait just before the suspicion could trouble him, and as he never knew anything about it till it and his delirium were all over, nothing really mattered to anybody. In short there is no particular reason for anything; and Vere Clavering makes us feel throughout as if he, or much more

likely she, were in search of her own plot all the way through. Probably he or she had visions of some complicated tangle, in the manner of Mr. Wilkie Collins, and fancied that it would somehow or other come out of the ink-bottle.

The eight stories or sketches collected under the title of "Neighbours on the Green," and followed by "My Faithful Johnny" (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), show Mrs. Oliphant at her best. Most readers, we imagine, are of opinion that her work is very much better exhibited in small doses than in those long novels for which she evidently has no time. Not that these tales are altogether detached; they are something on the plan of "Our Village," or of a "Johnny Ludlow" series, bringing the doings and family histories of a group of country neighbours within the experience of a single observer. The sketches are very quiet, and very full of minute detail; but they are charmingly written, and are altogether refreshing. It of course seems singular that one village should contain so many dramas within a single experience; but is perhaps not really so remarkable as it seems. In any case it is to be trusted that "the Green" is not yet exhausted: perhaps some new comers will take up their abode there, and bring their stories with them.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is genuine poetry, refined thought, and deep feeling in Mr. Frank T. Marzials' "Death's Disguises, and Other Sonnets" (Walter Scott). Of the Sonnets, some have appeared in the *Examiner* and *Academy*, and one in the *Athenaeum*; the rest are now published for the first time. The Sonnets which give the title to the little volume show much genuine strength and richness of fancy, inclining to the weird. Especially effective is one intended to depict Solomon's last moments, "Death as the King's Courier." We will quote, however, from a poem with a lighter theme "Love's Greed," beginning "All of thee," as a specimen of Mr. Marzials' work:—

I would have all thy past: the bud unblown  
That bravely bore the March wind's stiffest scour,  
And April's fickleness of shine and shower,  
And life's full storms ere the May month had flown.

The sadness of lost and disappointed love rings through Lord Henry Somerset's "Songs of Adieu" (Chatto and Windus). If the lament tends to become monotonous, it is expressed always prettily, and in varied musical measure, while there are lines that linger in the memory as:—

One more glimpse of the sun,  
One more breath of the sea,  
One more kiss from my darling one—  
Then Death came speedily!

Mr. William Allingham in "Flower Pieces and Other Poems" (Reeves and Turner) displays intense fondness for flower and plant-life. He is often very felicitous in his imagining of the bounties of the hedge-side and the wood. There is in this volume at least one really capital bucolic song, "The Mowers," with a refrain which runs:

A scythe-sweep, and a scythe-sweep,  
We mow the grass together.

Mystic and old-world themes please best Mr. W. B. Yeats in "The Wanderings of Oisín, and Other Poems" (Kegan Paul). Among the more striking of them is "King Goll," a third century soliloquy; and there is a suspicion of not unsatisfactory imitation of Mr. Swinburne in "The Island of Forgetfulness." There is the same graceful sonorous vagueness, and use of alliteration.

There is much vivid rendering of American mountain scenery in Mr. J. E. Nesmith's "Monadnoc, and Other Sketches in Verse" (Cambridge Riverside Press). "Monadnoc" is a fine piece of poetic nature description, though the verses which picture the invasion of rustic solitudes by the railway train may be a little overcharged with imagination. And, after all, the iron-horse does no great harm to "Monadnoc," for

The mighty mountain sleeps thro' all  
The changes of this earthly ball,  
The dark, the light, the spring, the fall.

Mr. Louis Tylor's "Chess: A Christmas Masque" (Fisher Unwin), is informed by serious purpose, and the verse is not always ineffective; but it may be doubted if common-place moralisings, hung on so far-fetched a framework as we have here, will commend themselves to many.

Mr. A. C. Grylls, B.A., writes "Random Ramblings" (J. Palmer, Cambridge), which is composed mainly of translations from Heine, Schiller, and Goethe. If these poets were alive, they would have ground for remonstrating with the translator. Mr. Grylls plainly has not yet developed the gifts necessary for the task he undertook.

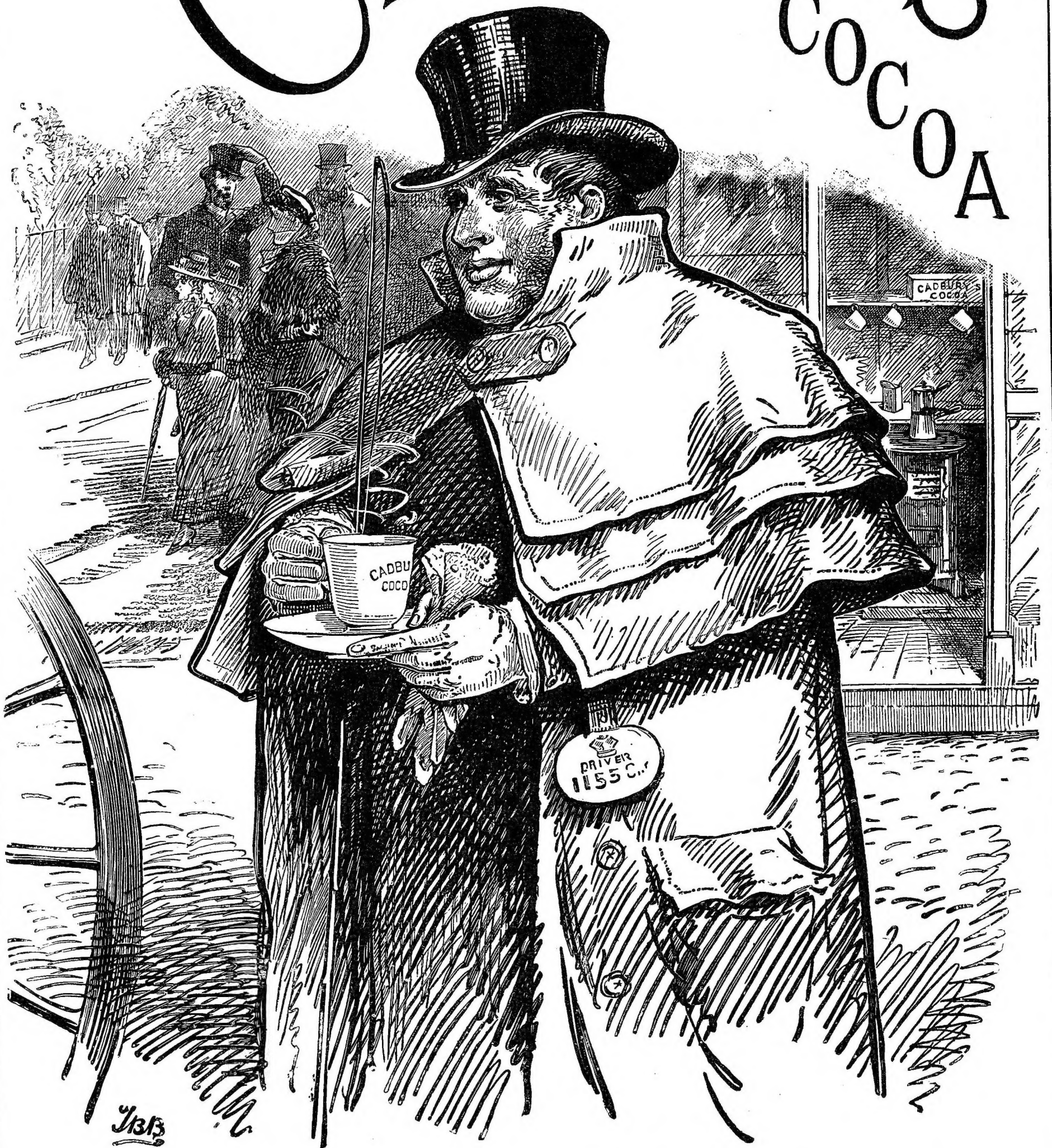
We have also received "The Ars Poetica," which, with certain satires of Horace, is translated into English verse by Captain Edward Chawner, and "Dora Greenwell's Poems (Selected)." They are prefaced with a biographical introduction by Mr. William Dorling, and published by Mr. Walter Scott in his series of "The Canterbury Poets."



MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS.—"Songs of the Seasons for Little Singers" by Atherley Rush, is a charming group of tuneful ditties, which will catch the ear of the dullest child, and by bright young folks will be quickly learnt by heart.—Precisely the same may be said of "Song Fancies for Children," written and composed by Gertrude and Ethel Harraden. "A Flower Lullaby" (No. 5) is the gem of this collection.—Three very good songs for the drawing-room are "Sunny Days," written and composed by Lindsay Lennox and Horton Allison; "The Ensign of Our Home," the stirring words by H. Ross Glyne, music by R. E. Lawson; and "If at Your Window, Love," written and composed by R. S. Hichens and Ethel Harraden.—By the last-named composer are "Moto Perpetuo," for the violin, which will be found excellent practice, and not too difficult for execution, and "Legende," for violin and piano, or violoncello and piano, a light and attractive *morceau*.—"Technical Studies for the Violin," by S. Grimson, may be practised with benefit by the student who is desirous of mastering the difficulties of this instrument.—"Gavotte for the Pianoforte," by Otto Sondermann, and "La Rose Celeste," a gavotte in E for the pianoforte, both lack Coules, are fairly good specimens of their school; but at his originality, no uncommon fault.—Cornelius Gurliert was not at his best when he composed "Knospen"—No. 1 in A flat, No. 11 in F—his "Klänge aus Norden," *salon waltzer*, are dull and commonplace—very rare faults in this clever composer.—Intelligent children will find much amusement in "Musical Bon-Bons," six recreative and progressive sight-reading pieces for one, two, or three performers on the pianoforte, by Charles E. Clemens; quite a showy effect may be produced at a school party by three clever little maidens, but woe to the teacher who attempts to teach them to three dull children—they will always get hopelessly mixed.—There is nothing Spanish beyond their title in "Juanita Waltzes," by R. E. Lawson, albeit there is a certain swing in them which will satisfy dancers.—"Minerva Valse," by Florence Cameron, is of a very ordinary type.



# CADBURY'S COCOA



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